National Anti-Slavery Standard.

S. H. GAY,
OLIVER JOHNSON, } .... Editors.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY, Corresponding Editor

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Selections.

From Frederick Douglass's Paper.

THE LIBERATOR, ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, PENN. FREEMAN, ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE—WM LLOYD GARRISON AND FREDERICK DOUGLASS;

OR,

A REVIEW OF ANTI-SLAVERY RELATIONS.

I am now entering upon a work personal to myself, and shall, therefore, dispense with the *we*, and speak in the pronoun singular. This work, dear reader, is one which, for reasons easily rendered appreciable, I have long postponed, and, indeed, have sought much to avoid. For several of the late years of my Anti-Slavery experience, incidents have been occurring, and coming to my knowledge with more or less frequency, painfully foreboding a fierce and bitter warfare upon me, under the generalship of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, with a view to destroy my Anti-Slavery usefulness, and, possibly, to drive me from the field of public Anti-Slavery effort. All this, of course, will be disclaimed; it has already been disclaimed; but the purposes of men are often better learned from their deeds than from their words. *Word*-wise, these Garrisonians are my best friends; *deed*-wise, I have no more vigilant enemies. This long apprehended attack has already commenced, and has pretty well developed its peculiar character. Yes! the spectacle of a rich and powerful organization, largely provided with the appliances of moral warfare, is now seen marshalling its forces, its presses, and its speakers, for the moral extermination of one humble, solitary individual. Start not at this as an unwarrantable assertion, and do not regard it, either, as an exhibition of egotism on my part. *Facts are facts*, and facts shall bear me out in this assertion. It shall presently be made fully to appear that "the American Anti-Slavery Society," claiming to be, *par excellence*, the Anti-Slavery Association of this country, and, withal, soliciting and obtaining funds in this country, and in Great Britain, upon the strength of this arrogant title, yet exerting its energies, and expending its funds, for the purpose, small or great, of silencing and putting to open shame a fugitive slave, simply (as I contend and mean to prove) because that fugitive slave has dared to differ from that Society, or from the leading individuals in it, as to the manner in which he shall exercise his powers for the promotion of the Anti-Slavery cause, and the elevation of the Free People of Colour in the United States. The hatchet of fratricidal war is uplifted; nay, it is now flung at the head of its appointed victim, with the combined force of three strong arms, and with the deadly aim of three good marksmen.

I must, however, own, dear reader, that it has cost me much to place myself in my present attitude of defence. It has been a question with me, and that not an idle question, whether I ought not, for the sake of the peace and the harmony of our great national, Anti-Slavery family, to allow myself to be dispatched thus summarily without uttering a shriek, or giving the alarm of foul play to the bystanders. Whether or not the cause of the poor, bleeding, and perishing bondman, whose professed friends all my assailants are, might be more advantageously served by my consenting to leave the field, giving up my mission in the world, abandoning my paper, flinging down my pen, shunning the platform, ceasing to speak any more in the name of the slave, and in the name of his holy cause, and consenting for the rest of my life, long or short, silently to stand and receive all the reproach, bitter contempt, and supercilious scorn which Garrisonians understand well how to pour out upon all such as they are pleased to denominate deserters from their fold; whether I had not better get me back to the shades of the ships in New Bedford, where, in my earliest days of freedom, with free hands, I earned my daily bread in peace, *far* out of sight of the great world's eye, indifferent to its seductive applause, unmindful of its frowns, only too glad to get leave to toil; whether I had not better yield to the demand now apparently made, concede at once that no man, black or white, "bond or free," "Barbarian or Scythian," in any part, or of any part, of this inhabitable globe, has any business to work in what is called the cause of the slave's emancipation unless, first of all, he is able to show a most perfect agreement between his views and those of Mr. Garrison.

When under the tall shadow of the ships and ware-houses of New Bedford, now more than twelve years ago, Mr. Garrison called me to his side, I thought it was to serve the cause of my broken-hearted people that he wanted me; *not*, certainly, to build up a sect, *re*ligious or *ir*-religious, of which Mr. Garrison was to be the acknowledged head and Bishop. I was to follow my own convictions of duty (as I thought), worship God according to the dictates of my own conscience, and, as a condition of association with him, was only required to be true to the slave. Being a Methodist at that time, I could sing with him his eulogy of the Bible, "*Oh, book of books!*" &c., &c.

But, to the matter of my hesitation to engage in this open and violent controversy, and the powerful reasons restraining me therefrom. Yes! of these let me say another word. I have hated, above a great many other things, the thought of seeming to be querulous. I foresaw myself involved in interminable misunderstandings; regarded as quite ungrateful to my early friends; and, worst of all, I had reason to know that prejudice against colour—yes, *prejudice against my race*—would be invoked, as it has been invoked, on the side of my adversaries; and in all the likelihoods of the case, the question between me and my old friends would be decided in this case, as between *white* and *black*, in favour of the *former*, and against the latter; the *white* man to *rise*, as an injured benefactor; and the *black* to *fall*, as a miserable *ingrate*. Yet, further: I foresaw that there would be found (as there have been) coloured men, a few of them, just enough to save appearances, moved either by *jealousy* or *envy*, or both, to take sides against me in this controversy, and to rank themselves with the most malignant of my foes. Such an exhibition I dreaded, not for myself, but for my cause, knowing how white men take advantage of the treachery of coloured men to each other, and draw arguments therefrom in favour of the degradation of *our race*. Then, again, I was confronted by other and more pleasing duties, demanding my energies for their discharge; there stands the slave in his chains; the free coloured man elbowed out of employment; the Colonization Society, the pro-slavery parties and presses exerting themselves against both the slave and the free. Verily, there is occupation here.

Nevertheless, the work I am about to do, and the unflinching manner of my doing it, will show that I have sufficiently disposed of these weighty reasons; that I have neither had (call it what you will) the grace nor the greenness to heed them. And as to that cowardly self-abandonment referred to, I have not the slightest fear of committing such folly. No, my friends; I will not consent to be coaxed or driven from the side of my enslaved brethren—cannot consent to be read out of the ranks of freedom's *true* friends nor driven out of the great moral vineyard, where God has called all men to work for man's elevation, to gratify any grumblers, who have wrought earlier than I, and who repine that I get my penny at the close of the day, as well as they. But here some kind friend whispers, "Is this Christian? is it right? is it best? For the sake of the cause, ought not Abolitionists to pass lightly over the faults of each other?" What is the good of having every unpleasant thing which arises in your relations as co-workers come right out, to be caught up by the pro-slavery press, and by your common enemies exaggerated, distorted, perverted, and used as a means of defeating a movement which is at once beneficent, sublime and glorious? Have *you*, friend Douglass, have I, has anybody in this wide world of ours the right, simply to gratify his own self-love, to pursue any course, the natural tendency of which is to prolong, *even for one hour*, the torture of the bondman, beyond its otherwise possible termination? Is it not evident to your mind that this perpetual quarrelling among Abolitionists greatly hazards the whole scheme of emancipation? How can you hope to get the nation to agree with you in *anything*, while you are involved in such bitter antagonism among yourselves? Oh! pause, my brother—remember the bleeding millions in chains, be willing to become of no reputation, if, perchance, you may thereby hasten the end of their sorrows.

In very truth, there is much force, as well as eloquence, in these suggestions, and they are not to be disregarded without great and preponderating reasons. Properly speaking, however, these suggestions, thus loosely and parenthetically thrown out, do not address themselves to me, in my present position. Mine is not a position of aggression, nor of defiance, but simply of defence. Therefore, while these admonitions loom out and confront my assailants with great force, I am beyond their reach; nay, in harmony with them. The peace which I am called upon, apparently, to preserve is already broken: and to cry "*peace*" now "*when there is no peace*," or, at best, but a deceitful peace, would be the veriest mockery! The war has been going on these four months and more in public—and I know not how long it has been raging in private. Since the 1st of August, 1853, the Anniversary of *West India Emancipation*, until now, I have been pursued, misrepresented, traduced and villified, with a bitterness ever increasing, and a steadiness and violence only characteristic of malice, deep, broad, lasting, and in its worst form. All this I have borne in comparative silence, going off about my Anti Slavery business; taking little or no thought about my assailants, loathing as I did, the repulsive labour of refuting their calumnies. Ever ready to contend with *pro*-slavery, whether in Church or State (though even in this I am lyingly represented in the *Standard*), I am ever reluctant to contend with any one working in any way, to break the Slave's galling chains.

To do this last, the necessity must be great and controlling. That necessity has now come—and has come as all necessity comes, unbidden, undesired. I shall be silent no longer. The impunity allowed to my adversaries by my silence, like all other submission to wrong, has failed to soften the hearts of the wrong-doers. My seeming retreat has occasioned an additional advance on their part. They have waxed more arrogant as I have waxed humble. Their assaults now are unbearable. Every apology for honourable silence has been wrenched from me—and that, too, by *him* whom, whatever his runners and whisperers may have said to the contrary, I have loved, honoured, revered, and faithfully co-operated with, until very recently. He has seen fit to invade my household, despise the sacredness of my home, break through the just limits of public controversy, and has sought to blast me in the name of my family. That he has not succeeded in his purpose, is from *no* want of desire on his part. His motive in the matter is clear to all who read his article. To hold my peace, therefore, in such circumstances, whatever the charity of kind friends might say on the subject, would be in me an unwarrantable forbearance—having no sanction in reason or revelation—a forbearance which would be more weak than virtuous. Christianity does not stand opposed to manhood—and it is not a sin to be a man. A man who will not be just to himself is either too cowardly or too foolish to demand justice for others.

But why this long preamble? This is my reason. While my adversaries can find no words too coarse nor too bitter to apply to me, with a power of front which is truly amazing, and an affectation of piety and long-facedness laughable to those who know them, they have coolly turned upon me with a lecture about my unchristian spirit. This old non-resistant game has been played, I think, about long enough, when every species of abuse may be indulged in, and the worst passions stirred, under the pretext of its being "*moral indignation*." There is such a thing, I know, as moral indignation, and there is also a spirit of Christian forgiveness, which stand beautiful and lovely; and if this were the place in which to make professions of this sort, I could express myself more largely; but let every man judge for himself, whose spirit is most Christian, and whose spirit is most Satanic?

It is, manifestly, an unchristian spirit to defend oneself from such charges, *is it?* *I* think it would be, manifestly, an unchristian spirit not to do so. I owe it to my friends who co-operate with me to expose the injustice (and the wickedness, if need be) of these assaults. They have united with me, befriended me, and loved me, on the supposition that I am an upright man. The ground of their friendship must be vindicated, and so, far as in me lieth, it shall be.

It will be seen that, so confident of their power, as controversialists, and so convinced of the damaging effect of their charges against me, are my assailants, that they have, more than once, intimated the belief that I would not *dare* to let my readers see what they have written—very little reason had these strong men for this confidence. The consolation proves quite transient. The readers of my paper are not doubtful people. They are sensible, wise, discriminating, and, withal, have given proof of some independence of mind in becoming subscribers to such a paper. I am quite willing to trust them as to the matter now in hand; and, indeed, as to all matters in any way affecting me or my paper.

If I have not published, heretofore, the articles from the *Freeman*, *Standard* and *Liberator*, it was from the laudable wish to avoid a controversy which seemed to me pregnant only of mischief, and wholly uncalled for. From the beginning, however, I have designed to give my adversaries a fair hearing before my readers, whenever I should feel it worth while to reply to their lucubrations. This intention is now fulfilled to the letter. I have faithfully gathered up the missiles of reproach from the *Standard*, the *Freeman* and the *Liberator*, and placed them in regular order upon the first page of the present number. I regard them with more than transient interest. They may, in years to come, furnish a chapter for some impartial historian of the Anti-Slavery movement.

It is quite true that there was an honourable excuse in not doing this in the fact that one paper is, usually, enough to debate with at one time. It is said that three dogs, of a certain breed, can worry a lion; but either of my assailants, singly, in a case where he had an equal share of the right on his side, would be more than a match for me. But the war, now on hand, is *tripartite*. The *Liberator*, the *Standard*, the *Freeman*—and these play into each other's hands. The *Liberator* utters a slander. The *Standard* and the *Freeman* copy it. Each copy all, and all copy each, making "*a cat o' nine tails*."

The readiness with which these papers perceive the aptness, timeliness and high moral excellence of each other's productions—each preferring the other to himself, pushing aside "other highly important and interesting matter to give place," and so forth—I say all this would be very admirable, if one had not felt the oil which cases the motion of each machinery. "*Order reigns in Warsaw*." But, to return.

If the reader wishes to see the articles of my enemies, they are on the first page. I commend them to their serious and candid perusal. Can I do more?

Having done this, I have a word to say to the *Standard*, *Freeman*, and *Liberator*, in respect to their treatment of me, in this same particular. It might be supposed that, in venturing to console themselves with my supposed fears, they had, on their own part, pursued a perfectly fearless course; but the fact stands out, glaringly, and very unhandsomely, that, to this hour, neither of the journals named have published the article of mine in which I answer (and I think successfully) the questions, so insultingly put to me at Framingham by Wendell Phillips, Esq. Now, when it is remembered that Mr. Phillips's attack was the signal for all succeeding ones, it will seem all the more strange that the reply to it, given in my paper, has been carefully excluded from all the Garrisonian prints. Now, let them get that article, and publish it to their readers, before they pretend to any sort of fairness, or accuse me of unwillingness to allow my readers to see their damaging articles against me. They will find the article in question under the editorial head of *Frederick Douglass's Paper*, 9th Vol., No. 35, August 19th, 1853.

I have asked its publication before, and I shall ask it again. I don't care where they publish it, so they publish it. They may publish it in the *Refuge of Oppression*, if they please, for, of late, the *Refuge of Oppression* has become about the best part of Mr. Garrison's paper. *No! it won't do.* No affectation of bravery, such as is evinced by stringing together a mass of personal abuse for Mr. Garrison's *Refuge of Oppression*, which refutes itself, and about which nobody cares a single straw, is sufficient to show that Mr. Garrison is altogether ready at all times, to face the music. This old game has been played very often; and I have not been unobservant of the bland smile of complacency with which the *Liberator* has, occasionally, congratulated itself upon its moral intrepidity, candour and fairness. Publish that article. Justice requires it. You wanted to know *why* I thought the absence of Messrs. Pillsbury, Wright and Foster, was designed? and you demanded an answer, under circumstances, when all personal controversies ought to have been banished from the mind. That article of mine *is*, and *was*, intended to be an answer to your question. Then *why* ignore it? Why not give, *publicly*, the answer to a question which you asked *publicly?* Is it because you do not wish to have it known that the Board of Managers of the American Anti-Slavery Society did make an extra effort to obtain a larger meeting than usual, last spring, in the city of New York? and that, in order to do so, and to gain the co-operation of Evangelists, you were willing to invite to your platform men who have never coöperated with you—members of pro-slavery churches, as you call them—members of the Liberty Party, upon which party you have, for twelve years, poured out the vials of your wrath—members of the *hated* and *maligned* new organization—while your old, true and tried friends, the Wrights, the Fosters and the Pillsburys, were thrown, tastefully, into the background. You Garrisonians are not in the habit of refusing a hearing to those whom you assail. In this respect, you have, in times past, evinced great liberality. On this account, your failure to publish my reply to your question seems all the more remarkable, and opens the way (as I think) for reasonable distrust of your candour and intrepidity. The *Standard*, I know, did cut a little piece out of the middle of that article, and kicked up a terrible dust over it; upon which dust (if I find it still blowing) I shall sprinkle a few drops of *pure* water presently.

I am reminded here that I am still but on the outskirts of my subject; and that although there are many other interesting preliminaries, to which I might, properly, advert here, the time already occupied and the space already given to this introduction forbid my further detaining my readers from the body of this work.

Pardon me, however; I must say there is some difficulty in giving shape and consistency to the huge lump which now opposes me. One spirit, to be sure, pervades the mass of it. It is, nevertheless, the work of different times, different men, and of men very differently organized and circumstanced in life.

It would be interesting, did time and space permit, to analyze the characters who have wrought and produced the articles flung together on the first page of our present number. This may, however, be done in those extra hours which almost every man has.

If I make a long, bungling story of this work, now in hand, some apology is furnished in the complicated materials with which my adversaries have furnished me. Some men have the power to give an air of philosophy to every fact they meet with. They can analyze, arrange, classify, harmonize, and impart a certain grace and symmetry to whatever they touch with admirable facility. I am much *too unlearned* for any such performance; besides, in this instance I have, in truth, too much work to do, and too little time to spend, to devote either time or energies to methodical arrangement—a fugitive slave, deprived of early and of late education—unskilled in the science of controversy—sore pressed on all sides by necessities—confronted by gentlemen at leisure and at ease—chosen men. I venture to pick up the glove, so boastfully flung down, and ask only of bystanders, *fair play* in the ring. "Hear diligently my speech, and this be your consolations. Suffer me, that I may speak, and after that I have spoken, mock on."

The first paper to which I shall address myself is the "*National Anti-Slavery Standard*," a paper which, I think, exceeds in bitterness all the rest, on some points connected with this controversy.

The *Standard's* principal allegations are these:

1. "He [Douglass] adroitly had been working his cards for a year or two before, with the apparent design of securing patronage from the Evangelical maligners of Mr. Garrison.

2. "We had Frederick Douglass mingling his voice with the voices of the New York *Observer*, the New York *Herald*, declaring Henry C. Wright, Parker Pillsbury and Stephen S. Foster to be infidels.

3. "'Cowardly meanness,' defining a term according to the standard lexicographers. The *Standard* affirms 'that Wright Pillsbury and Foster believe in the divine origin of Christianity.'

4. "Mr. Douglass, who, professing to be a disciple of Christ, yet claims the right, in face of Christ's positive precept, to kill his enemies.

5. "We are more sorry than disappointed to find that Mr. D. has become so ungrateful to his old associates, and so reckless of the claims of justice, honour and truth as to join in that cry.

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6. "But he will find, in the end, that, in taking the part of a pro-slavery church, in accusing Messrs. Wright, Pillsbury and Foster, he has earned that church's contempt.

7. "He [Douglass] has proved treacherous to his old friends, and deliberately allied himself to the worst enemies which that Society ever had. He basely attributes the distrust which his own double dealing and badly disguised hostility to Mr. Garrison and his friends long since awakened in their minds to their intolerance of his change of views.

8. "In various quarters, where he has thought himself out of sight of his old friends, he [Douglass] has artfully pampered the prejudices which a pro-slavery church has created by its lying accusations of infidelity, in the hope of thereby winning support for his paper.

9. "They [his only friends] may not have done all that he [Douglass] expected—for the demands of a thoroughly selfish and ambitious man, in whose heart the sentiment of gratitude has but a small place, are hard to be complied with.

10. "The egotism of Mr. Douglass, whatever may be thought of his ambition, is disgustingly conspicuous. No, Mr. Douglass, your vanity and jealousy deceive you. You have been your own worst enemy. In being false to your friends, you have been untrue to yourself."

No. 1. The *Standard* itself is the only paper to which I can look with any hope of finding a parallel to this base, pitiless, and shameless libel. *Oliver Johnson* was publicly branded by me at Syracuse, in his presence, with falsehood, for writing this scandalous sentence, and others similiar to it, and stood dumb. The falsehood here is one for which there is not a shadow of an apology. What I have said of Mr. Garrison, and of the American Anti-Slavery Society, I have said *publicly*, and I am now prepared to stand by all that I have ever said.

The figure, "*working his cards*," is borrowed, probably, from the gambling-table. It is well suited to express the baseness which Mr. Johnson would fix upon me, and is used by him with marked familiarity. It plainly implies that I have been guilty of fraud and meanness towards Mr. Garrison. As such I fling it back into the teeth of my assailant, as worthy only of the source from which it comes. The design of "*securing patronage from the evangelical maligners of Mr. Garrison!!*" One would think the harvest in this field quite too light and thin to invite a man of the insatiable greed which the *Standard* represents me to be to "*work his cards*" for it. If it were worth while, it would be easy to show that those who hate and malign Mr. Garrison on account of his *Anti-Slavery* views have no more regard for me than they have for him. But whether this be so or not, it is sufficient, in the absence of any proof, that I have "*worked my cards*" for any such purpose, to pronounce it an *untruth*—*that's all*.

No. 2. Very little better is this second specification. It is a specious appeal to the prejudices of the Anti-Slavery reader, inviting to my head the very just execration which is felt by Abolitionists of all classes towards the two pro-slavery papers named, the New York *Herald*, and the New York *Observer*. It is an unfair method of dealing, and an *honest* man would not stoop to condemn a man by simply saying, his views on this, or that point, accord with those of certainly notoriously bad characters. I could, if I were mean enough, resort to the same method to excite prejudice against the *Standard*. It could be shown that the *National Anti-Slavery Standard* mingled with the "*Castle Garden Committee*," Pro-Slavery Divines, Hunker Democrats, Silver Grey Whigs, and all the horrid and hellish crew who hunt and hold men in the chains of Slavery—in the cruel cry that the *United States Constitution* guarantees the slaveholder the right to re-capture fugitive slaves, and imposes the duty upon Northern men to assist in such recapture. It could be said of the *Standard*, that, up to this hour, it has, systematically and uniformly, united with the pro-slavery men, in and out of Congress, in deprecating and discouraging both the "Liberty Party" and the "Free Soil Party" in this country; but would such a mode of dealing with the *Standard* be just, fair or honourable? *No.* To speak of the *Standard* in such a connection would be next to profanity; and *equally unjust* is to represent me as mingling my voice with the New York *Observer*, and the New York *Herald*. And the *Standard* would say so, too, if it served its purpose, in the present instance, to tell the truth, as well as it does to tell a *lie*. The New York *Herald*, and the New York *Observer*—the one representing the *world*, and the other the *church*—are understood to be among the most profligate advocates of Slavery in the United States. It is probable that they *have*, in the past, and *will*, in the future, denounce me with as much severity as they ever have denounced Messrs. Wright, Pillsbury, and Foster, though they may not attain the intensity and bitterness reached by the *Standard*. *They* denounce the gentlemen named as infidels, and counsel against associating with them in efforts to promote emancipation. I have done neither the one nor the other. That I have said they are infidels, is most true; but it is one thing to say that a man is an infidel, and *quite* another thing to denounce or reproach him for being such. Does the *Standard* regard the fact of a man being an infidel a disgrace and scandal, of which he should be ashamed, and of which his associates should be ashamed? Then *why* is it everlastingly and *boldly* proclaiming that, on the platform of the *American Anti-Slavery Society*, the *believer*, and the *un*-believer, the *Infidel* and the *Christian*, unite on terms of perfect equality? If, in its eye, the Infidel is as good as the Christian, *why* does it put itself to the pains of affirming, with so much wrath and indignation, that the Infidel is no Infidel at all, but a genuine believer? Is this deference paid to Christianity, and this back-handed condemnation of Infidelity merely put on with a design to securing "*Evangelical patronage?*" It certainly does not look like respect for the honest infidels, of which the *Standard* is the organ. The infidel enters the Society, believing that he is to be treated with respect and consideration, notwithstanding his infidelity. He may affirm his disbelief of the Bible, as an inspired book; that, in many of its parts, it is pernicious and demoralizing; that it should be read with the same freedom to condemn, or approve its contents, as should be exercised in reading Shakspeare, Byron, or any other merely human composition; and yet he finds himself publicly and perpetually held up to the world as being just no infidel at all, but a genuine believer.

No. 3. But I am guilty of "*cowardly meanness*," and the proof of it is that I went to Noah Webster's Dictionary for the definition of a term, in a case where it was of some importance to be accurate in the use of that term. Reader, have you ever been guilty of similar "*cowardly meanness?*" The charge is perfectly ridiculous. I have often, in the course of these fifteen years of freedom, had occasion to look into a dictionary for the meaning of words, and never heard that such conduct was wrong. A life of Slavery, in which one has to listen constantly to a kind of gibberish, not even amounting to the dignity of a bad imitation of good English, should be excused for almost any lack of proficiency in phililogical learning. For such an one to consult a lexicographer occasionally, when he has to deal with such proficients in the use of language as Oliver Johnson, William Lloyd Garrison, and Rush Plumly, should entitle him to praise, rather than to blame.

But it is said by the *Standard*, that the term Infidel has quite another meaning than that which the great Noah Webster attaches to it; and that it was *not* the Noah Webster meaning, but the *other* meaning, which is the offensive one. Just so, I thought, Mr. Johnson. The fact that I used the Webster definition is proof that I used the term in the sense given it by Webster's definition. But it is evident, from this charge, that my accuser has already determined, against reason, and against every just principle, to fix upon me a character for baseness, if possible. I shall not, therefore, reason the case with him on this point further.

No. 4. "*He (Mr. Douglass) claims the right, against Christ's positive precepts, to kill his enemies.*"

Now, really, if I claimed, or exercised any such right as this, among the first places where there would be danger to human life, would be "the *Standard* office;" for I know of no place where I have a more malignant enemy than Mr. Johnson is giving proof of being. If I thought he cared two straws about Christ's precepts, one way or the other, I might, possibly, discuss the question of *peace* with him; but no man who deals in the vituperative bitterness which he has dealt towards me can convince me of the meekness and benevolence of his Christianity.

No. 5. This point comprehends a charge of "*ingratitude*" to my old associates, and a recklessness of the claims of justice, honour and truth.

About this matter of "*ingratitude*," I shall have more to say in another place. Evidently, there is a confusion in men's minds, as to *how far* a man may be true in his own convictions, as against those of men who may have befriended him, and still be innocent of the dishonourable vice of "*ingratitude*." Some men seem to think, when they have done you a favour, that they have bought and secured your alliance with them, through all time to come. Of course, such men will esteem any deviation from themselves, in opinion or practice, as "*ingratitude*"—especially will they consider as "*ingratitude*," on the part of such an one, to pass an adverse opinion upon the conduct of such benefactors. But, as I said, more attention shall be given this elsewhere; for the charge meets us at every turn of the controversy.

No. 6. I am, in this, accused of "*taking the part of a pro-slavery church*." This is, precisely, the same kind of argument which is exposed by me under *number 2*, "*taking the part of a pro-slavery church*." A pro-slavery church needs no such ally as I would make; and there is no proof that there is any affinity between us. But I am to earn that "*church's contempt*." How so, Johnson? *Not*, certainly, if I do as you charge me with doing. Take sides *with* that church. She is not in the habit of so treating her friends and converts. But this is, simply, a turn for a sentence of denunciation.

No. 7. Under this head, I am denounced as "*treacherous to old friends;*" and as basely attributing my disgrace with the Garrisonians to the change in my opinion respecting the constitutionality of Slavery.

As to the treachery—the alliance with the worst enemies of American Anti-Slavery Society—*I simply deny all.* Upon the other point I have much to say; for it is upon that hinge that the whole point of the case turns.

But for that change of opinion, for all that is apparent to the contrary, I might now be a member, in good and regular standing, in the great Anti-Slavery church, of which Mr. Johnson is the honoured representative.

From the moment that I announced my change of opinion, at Syracuse, in the month of May, 1851, at the Anniversary of "The American Anti-Slavery Society," when Mr. Garrison exclaimed, "there's roguery somewhere," and Samuel May, Jr., represented me as having made the announcement in a manner evidencing embarrassment, and dissatisfaction with my own views, until now, the whole tactics of the Garrisonians towards me have been such as necessarily to produce alienation between us. The history of that transaction is briefly this, and it fully sustains my position, that my change of opinion has been the cause, and is the cause, of the present persecution waged against me by the Garrisonians. Two minutes before I announced my change of views, the American Anti-Slavery Society was on the point of passing a resolution commending me and my paper to the support of all genuine Abolitionists; and that resolution was withdrawn, after having been moved and seconded, immediately upon my announcing my change of views upon the Constitution.

The history of this transaction I will here transcribe, as written immediately afterwards:

THE BREADTH OF THE PLATFORM.

On the last morning of the Anniversary, a proposition came before the Society, which led to a strict definition of its position towards other Anti-Slavery bodies, and especially towards the Liberty Party. A resolution was introduced by Edmund Quincy, Esq., recommending Anti-Slavery newspapers, among which the *Liberator*, *Standard*, *Pa. Freeman*, *Anti-Slavery Bugle*, the *North Star*, were enumerated. Whereupon, the Rev. Samuel J. May, with characteristic liberality, moved to include the "Liberty Party Paper," published at Syracuse. This proposal was instantly objected to, on the ground that that paper was not a Disunion paper. It is an Abolition paper; it contends manfully, consistently and uncompromisingly against Slavery; of new organization; it advocates women's rights; it is opposed to fellowshipping slaveholders in the church; it sternly demands equal, political and social rights for the man of colour; and is, in every way, a faithful labourer for the renovation of public sentiment, and for the immediate, unconditional, universal and everlasting emancipation of mankind; but, then, it also believes that the Constitution of the United States is an Anti-Slavery document, and may be properly wielded by the American people for the destruction of Slavery.

CHANGE OF OPINION ANNOUNCED.

The debate on the resolution relative to Anti-Slavery newspapers assumed such a character as to make it our duty to define the position of the *North Star*, in respect to the Constitution of the United States. The ground having been distinctly taken, that no paper ought to receive the recommendation of the American Anti-Slavery Society that did not assume the Constitution to be a pro-slavery document, we felt in duty bound to announce at once to our old Anti-Slavery companions that we no longer possessed the requisite qualification for their official approval and commendation; and to assure them that we had arrived at the firm conviction that the Constitution, construed in the light of well-established rules of legal interpretation, might be made consistent in its details with the noble purpose avowed in its preamble; and that hereafter we should insist upon the application of such rules to that instrument, and demand that it be wielded in behalf of emancipation. The change in our opinion, on this subject, has not been hastily nor impulsively arrived at. A careful study of the writings of Lysander Spooner, of Gerrit Smith, and of William Goodell, has brought us to our present conclusion. We found, in our former position, that, when debating the question, we were compelled to go behind the letter of the Constitution, and to seek its meaning in the history and practice of the nation under it—a process always attended with disadvantages—and certainly we feel little inclination to shoulder disadvantages of any kind, in order to give Slavery the slightest protection. In short, we hold it to be a system of lawless violence; that it never was lawful, and men can be made so; and that it is the first duty to every American citizen, whose conscience permits him so to do, to use his political as well as his moral power for its overthrow.

Of course this avowal did not pass without animadversion; and it would have been strange if it had passed without some crimination, for it is hard for any combination or party to attribute good motives to any one who differs from them in what they deem a vital point. Brother Garrison at once exclaimed. "There is roguery somewhere;" but we can forgive this hastily expressed imputation, falling, as it did, from the lips of one to whom we shall never cease to be grateful, and for whom we have cherished (and do now cherish) a veneration only inferior in degree to that which we owe to our conscience and to our God.

We have neither time or space at present to give our readers a full and proper exposition of our views regarding this matter. We have full confidence in our subscribers, that they will give what we may have to say on the subject a calm and candid consideration.

The commendatory resolution to which we have already referred was withdrawn by Mr. Quincy.—*North Star, May* 15, 1851.

But it is said the fact that Mr. Garrison and the *National Anti-Slavery Standard* applaud and honour Gerrit Smith, fellowship Theodore Parker, and other men who differ from them about the Constitution, sufficiently refutes the falsehood that the change in my views had anything to do in producing the hostile movements now made against me by the Garrisonians! Well! this looks plausible, but the sophistry is easily exposed. The cases would be quite similar if they had any likeness to each other. A man might as well argue that because the Austrian Minister expresses his high consideration for the American Republic, therefore Austria would not hang Kozsta for promoting Republican views in Hungary. Gerrit Smith is an *independant nation*. Alas! poor me! I am but a rebel—while those against whom I have rebelled would *treat* with Mr. Smith, *they would hang me*. I would draw the attention of my friend in Chicago to *this*, as an answer to the same point raised by him in a conversation with me on this subject. Further light shall be thrown upon *number* 7, under other heads of this discussion.

No. 8. This is the same *old* charge in another dress. I have answered it *over* and *over* again, and have now only to pronounce it *entirely false*, and to demand either the evidence upon which it is made or a full retraction of it. *Number* 9 denounces me as a "*thoroughly selfish man*." This is a strong and terrible judgment upon any man. *If true* of me, it ought at once to cut me off from the respect and sympathies of every friend of the American Slave, and of the Free Coloured Man. The fact that very many persons, both in this country and in Europe, receive as *truth* whatever comes through "the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*," adds to the seriousness of the charge, and induces me to notice it at some length. The accusation of selfishness, coming from an avowed enemy, like the New York *Herald* or the New York *Observer*, would be quite too general and common-place to excite other than contempt; but coming from a supposed friend, a man hired to befriend my race, it is altogether too mischievous to be allowed to pass without reprehension. There are two ways of answering the charge of selfishness: one is to discredit the accused, and the other is to appeal to facts—which exonerate the accused from the accusation. The time has not come yet to retaliate upon, or to seek to discredit, my accuser. For all that I will *now* say he may be the most disinterested and unselfish of men, a pure philanthropist, taking no thought whatever for money or honours, caring as little whether he is paid five hundred or one thousand dollars a year for his Anti-Slavery services, going at the call of a small salary as readily as at the call of a large one. All this may be true of him, for anything that I shall *now* say of Mr. Oliver Johnson. The time may come, however, when this gentleman's history, as a *philanthropist* and as a *man*, may require some notice at my hands. Will Mr. Johnson please to specify wherein I have acted *selfishly*, either in the past or present? Was it "*selfish*" when, in England, surrounded by kind friends, and strongly invited by them to make my home among them, with every provision made for my comfort and security, in a land where my *colour* was no crime—I say, was it selfish in me to *quit* the shores of that country and return to this, to endure insult, and proscription, with the rest of my oppressed people? Was it "*selfish*" in me, when my English friends gave me more than two thousand dollars, leaving the disposal of the Testimonial to my own personal wants, or to devote it to the establishment of a paper to advocate the cause of my enslaved fellow countrymen and to promote the elevation of the free coloured people—I say, was it *selfish* in me to prefer the latter to the former? Was it "*selfish*" in me to refuse a donation of five hundred dollars, raised in Finsbury Chapel, London, at one meeting, simply because that sum had been raised with a view of taking my family over to England, and, not having been devoted to that object, I refused to receive it for my *personal benefit?* Was this "*selfish?*" Was it "*selfish*" in me to work year in and year out, as an agent of "The Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society," for $400 a year, or less than £100, while by my side, another agent was getting $1,200? Was it "*selfish*," when in England, and when the "Anti-Slavery League" was formed, that I took a salary of £150—while another agent of that Association, who travelled with me, and who certainly was no more efficient than myself, was allowed £250? Is it "*selfish*" in me now to be devoting my time and thought to the Anti-Slavery cause, barely gaining a subsistence, when I could command a competent salary? But, Mr. Johnson, *do tell* your readers *one act of* "*selfishness*" on my part, and you shall be excused for this item of your unkind allegations.

But I am an ambitious man. This is the next offence. "As he was fortunate, I rejoice at it: as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I *slew* him. There are tears for his love—joy for his fortune—honour for his valour, and *death* for his ambition!" I am alive, however, still; and to confess to the charge of being somewhat ambitious. My ambition (if I have any) is of a very innocent character; it seeks *no* man's hurt; it would displace no man; it aims at every man's good, and would give the lie, especially, to the charge of the the inferiority of the black man—take away the reproach that papers never succeed that are started by black men—achieve the distinction (if it be one) of being a man among men—of proving to the world that a slave can *use* without abusing liberty—can rear a family in the nurture and admonision of the gospel of Christ—train his children to habits of industry, manliness and self-respect—and devote himself unreservedly to the general weal of his people. If this be ambitious, *then* I am ambitious.

The sin of coloured people, generally, has heretofore been far other than that of ambition. It has been a complaint against them that they have *too* readily adapted themselves to the low places of life—that they have consented to be the hewers of wood and drawers of water—the mere *list* on the great cloth of humanity—to be trimmed off—to chink windows—to stop the cracks of doors—to tie up old parcels—in a word, to be cut into any shape or form for the extra or odd uses to which other people may be disposed to put them. I would that ambition were more common—my *own* "ambition," or "egotism" would then not be quite so "*disgustingly conspicuous*."

Numbers 10 and 11 of the *Standard's* allegations will be, if they are not already, sufficiently answered in subsequent animadversions upon the sayings of the whole trio.

THE PENNSYLVANIA FREEMAN.

In directing the attention of the reader to the articles copied from this journal, it is proper to say, that, while the Editors of that paper have added very little to the sum of existing accusations, they may claim the merit of having dressed the whole matter with a semblance of order, precision and philosophy, unattained by either of the other journals in question. There is, too, about the *Freeman* a power of generalizing and of bringing into view the fundamental principles of human action, rendering it quite a respectable opponent. In the *Freeman* I see nothing quite so distasteful, and I may say detestable, as the tone of compassion with which it attempts to conceal a malice not inferior in quality or quantity to that of the midnight assassin. Commend me to your real, two-fisted, knock-down and drag-out assailant, rather than to one of this smooth-tongued, oily-toned, compassionating sort, who would blast you with a sigh. In reading his imputations upon me, the worst and bitterest, it will be observed, are made hypothetically—as if, for instance, I should shake my head at one of my neighbours, and say of him, "I do not *positively* know that he committed murder; but he *may* have been in the State's Prison for a very gross offence. He *may* have been a sheep-stealer in his day. I never saw him rob a hen-roost; but it's *quite possible* he's had his fingers in some man's pocket. There is, to be sure, no evidence positively going to convict him of felony, in this instance; yet there is that, in the early circumstances of the man, which may, justly, render him a subject of suspicion."

There is a power of insinuation in the *Freeman* rarely attained; but the exercise of that power, towards *one* in *my* circumstances, is very little to its credit. But insinuate as much as you please, only do away with your mock pity and compassion; both are utterly thrown away on me, unless they are intended to increase a contempt which has already swelled beyond a Christian measure.

"We think the facts indicate that Mr. Douglass was ambitious to become the exponent of the wrongs and demands of the coloured people of this country, that he expected the Anti-Slavery sentiment to converge to *his* paper, the Anti-Slavery patronage to widen *its* circulation and increase *its* profit, that the eyes not only of America but of England and the world should be turned to *him* as the representative of the movement which is convulsing this nation, and is destined to agitate civilization to its centre."

Now, what could be more contemptibly unfair than all this? "*The facts indicate*." Then *why*, in the name of all that is manly, do you not state "*the facts?*" *Why* deal in that naked assertion and base inuendo, when, according to your own statement, you have "*the facts*" to support both? In this remarkable solution of the cause, or causes, of the unhappy relations now existing between me and the Garrisonians, skilfully as it is presented, the very opposite result may be easily arrived at to that which the writer intended. He would have the reader to understand that I was ambitious to become the exponent of the wrongs and demands of the coloured people of this country—expected the Anti-Slavery sentiment of the country to converge to my paper, &c. Now, from this very statement may be clearly read the fear of the *Freeman* that *this very thing might* actually come to pass, unless the necessary precaution were taken by the Garrisonian journals to break me down, by an united assault. I really have reason to congratulate myself upon the clearness with which the *Freeman* thus unwittingly discloses the *animus* of the controversy. I could not have taken the liberty myself to present the cause with so much certainty. It virtually says to the Anti-Slavery world that, "In order that Frederick Douglass may not *become the exponent of the wrongs and demands of the coloured people of this country*"—that "*Anti-Slavery sentiment*" may not "*converge to his paper*"—that Anti-Slavery patronage may not widen its circulation, we, the "*genuine* friends of freedom," the "*moral rulers*" of mankind, and his "superiors," who have gravitated to our "high places" by the "divine right of fitness," *we* have deemed it our duty to check the progress of this "ambitious spirit, by waging an open and bitter warfare upon him." Verily, this tells the whole story!! What *harm* would there be in Frederick Douglass becoming the "exponent of the wrongs and demands of the coloured people?" *Whose* craft would be endangered by it? *Whose* occupation would be gone in consequence of it? *Why* all this apprehension? *Why* all this expense of ammunition? this waste of ball and powder, if the game in question be, really, not worth shooting?

This suspicion of an ambitious desire to get possession, somehow or other, of this whole Anti-Slavery movement—to control its revenue—and make myself master of the whole, seems to have been haunting Pennsylvania for a considerable time.

Mr. Robert Purvis broached it publicly, for the first time, at the annual meeting of "the American Anti-Slavery Society," held in Rochester in the spring of 1852. I remember with what emphasis and eloquence he described an attempt at mutiny on board the great Anti-Slavery ship, in which a *fugitive*, who had been taken on board, was lustily battling to get the helm from Capt. Garrison. The only report preserved of that speech, I believe (and the accuracy of that report has never been questioned), may be found in a May number of *Frederick Douglass's Paper*, '52. I may, possibly, take occasion to re-print that speech, as a further means of throwing light upon the causes of this controversy. The charge when made by Mr. Purvis was a most laughable and absurd one, having no other foundation than in his own melancholy imagination; but now, in addition to absurdity, it has the ingredient of *essential staleness*.

But hear the *Freeman* again, for the *Freeman* is worth hearing. Mark its antithesis, how nicely and nimbly it leaps from the pen:

"If money has lifted the shackles from his limbs, their impress may linger on his spirit; if the lines of the lash have healed upon his back, its degrading influences may have penetrated his soul; if he has escaped the bondage of others, he may continue in frightful servitude to self; his change of ownership may be but a transfer of tyrannies from without to within. He may be a representative of the evils of Slavery in the most fearful sense; for he may not only represent the manhood it degrades, but the degradation also; the avarice it engenders, the love of dominion, the fierce impatience of opposition, the suspicion of motives, the jealousy of superiors, the interpretation of the highest thought through the lowest faculties."

This is, certainly, not a very flattering picture of a man who, *until the month of May*, 1851, received the plaudits of this same journal, was welcomed to the Society which it represents, and for ten years, for aught that he knew, was esteemed and treated as a devoted friend of the slave. *Now*, all the hell-black vices that attach to the system of Slavery are thus covertly laid to his charge: "degrading influences," "frightful servitude to self," "transfer of tyrannies," "representative of the evils of Slavery in a most fearful sense," "degradation," "avarice," "love of dominion," "fierce impatience," "suspicion of motives," "jealousy of superiors." *Who* is this that is pouring out these maledictions? *Who* is this that is taking up the *cry* against the negro which is relied upon as *evidence of his inferiority?* It is BENJAMIN RUSH PLUMLEY, backed up by the Eastern Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, and the American Anti-Slavery Society. Such a combination of villanies as he here represents me to be can scarcely be found this side of Pandemonium. But, under these *gentle* smitings, I must preserve my serenity of spirit; for if I dare utter a word against these *Simon-pure* advocates of my race, I am guilty of that worst of crime in a negro, insubordination to "SUPERIORS." Verily, this talk about "SUPERIORS" sounds better on a slave plantation, or on the deck of a man-of-war, than on the platform of the Eastern Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, where "all men" are declared to be "*free and equal*." There is confession in this talk of "SUPERIORS," and it is very evident, too, that one of my sins has been a failure to display becoming meekness to my "SUPERIORS." And here I call upon every coloured man in the United States, be he *friend* or be he *foe*, to keep an eye on this talk in an Anti-Slavery journal about "SUPERIORS." A *word*, sometimes, is as good as a *volume*. It is in this case. But hear the *Freeman* again, for it has not yet done. Have patience, and it will tell the whole thing straight out, with the ease of a rapping spirit:

> "Every man embodies more or less of the conditions which surround him; but a large and vigorous nature, possessing the greatest powers of assimilation, may gather up and inweave among its tissues, blending with, and occasionally overgrowing, its splendid qualities—the conditions of an early life, through which it was scourged from the cradle to manhood, it may unite the genius and eloquence, and executive energy of the best types of manhood in the superior class of its native place, with the qualities which are inseparable from the condition of its slaves."

The *Freeman*, it will be seen, not only speaks of "SUPERIORS," but it comes now square-toed up to the position of a "SUPERIOR CLASS OF ITS NATIVE PLACE." *Who* are the "SUPERIOR CLASS OF" my "NATIVE PLACE?" Why! the *women-whippers and cradle-plunderers* of MARYLAND are, evidently, here alluded to. Again, I say, this is strange talk for an Abolition journal; but it is quite consistent with the daily practice of a *certain* type of Abolitionists, whose stores and counting-houses are hermetically sealed against the admission of any man in whose veins there runs one drop of blood, other than that of the "SUPERIOR CLASS."

Of course it was necessary for the *Freeman*, after having drawn so disgusting a picture, to say something of "*executive energy*" and "*eloquence*," and so forth—for the question might otherwise be asked: *How could* such a man as you describe, under the influence of such degrading conditions, sustain himself in a position for more than twelve years, in one of the most hated and persecuted of all causes, where there are so many temptations to apostacy, and so few selfish incentives to work, and where the most manly and heroic virtues are perpetually demanded?

The *Freeman* gives the answer: 'Tis his "*eloquence*" and "*executive energy*." Heaven knows if no other qualities of head and heart were mine than these, I should have, long since, turned my back on my countrymen's cause, and upon my country as well, and found a home in more congenial climes.

But is well for a man to know what the world thinks of him—especially when the world's estimate is much below his own:

> "Mr. Douglass. He had the ambition, but not the *fitness* for the place, and he had not learned that the moral rulers of mankind gravitate to its high places by the divine right of fitness to occupy them."

It strikes me that if the *Freeman* had confided in this last declaration, it would have left Mr. DOUGLASS to be disposed of by that law by which "the moral rulers of mankind gravitate to its high places by the divine right of fitness to occupy them," without interposing its helping hand to lift him up, or to cast him down.

There are other portions of the *Freeman's* article justly open to criticism; but enough has already been said, both by the *Freeman* and myself, to show that the warfare in which the *Freeman* is engaged is understood to be a warfare for pre-eminence, power and influence in the great cause of human freedom. I utterly disclaim the ambition attributed to me in this respect, and deny that there is anything in my history which gives colour of justice to the charge. I have aimed only to be one humble labourer in the great work of the Slave's emancipation. I have averred, again and again, my determination to work with all who are honestly striving to break the chains of the slave. It is, therefore, not less cruel than scandalous that the *Freeman* attempts to hold me up before the world, in the odious light of a rebel in the Anti-Slavery heaven against the Divine Authorities thereof, struggling only for supremacy. Again, I say, let me have the "facts" of which the *Freeman* speaks, and which he alleges to be demonstrative of such a purpose. *I* shall be very much mistaken if the good sense of the Anti-Slavery world does not set the seal of its disapproval upon my assailants for bringing this groundless charge; for, humble as I am, and degraded as was my origin (to which this Simon Pure Abolitionist constantly alludes), I have, thank God, some friends in the Anti-Slavery world who can boast an origin not inferior to that of any Garrisonian Abolitionist that I know of. I appeal to them to see justice done in this controversy.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

I have a much more pleasant task now to perform than that which I have just brought to a close. It is, simply, to correct a few mistakes into which this journal has fallen. It has been misled in regard to my position, *not* by anything I have said or written, but by the gross perversion of my words which the *Standard*, *Pennsylvania Freeman*, and *Liberator*, have perpetrated. The *Bugle* is "glad to see" that Mr. Douglass "repudiates" the charge of having repudiated the religious views of Garrisonians, while recently in Chicago, and speaks of it as the first effort I have made to set myself right on this subject. Why, Mr. Robinson, I never have been wrong on this subject. The paragraph which you copy from my paper, in reply to Mr. Bibb, is consistent with every word I have written or spoken upon the whole subject. The repeated publications in my paper which Mr. Robinson thinks have given colour to a contrary judgment, *all* counted, are *two*. *What* these repeated publications are, and *what* I say in them, have been most outrageously distorted. For instance, I said, in the very article which was made the occasion of this quarrel, "Wright, Foster and Pillsbury are charged with being Infidels; and we are not called upon here either to affirm or to deny it. But granting that the charge is well founded, the man who would say to them on the Anti-Slavery platform, stand aside, I am more holy than thou, has yet either to learn the first claims of humanity, and the philosophy of reform, or is at heart a tyrant. A genuine Abolitionist has little time to spend in examining the creeds of his companions; filled with a sense of the tremendous wrongs of the bondman, the wickedness of Slavery, he rushes forward with heaven-lit inspiration, calling upon all who wear the image of God to help in abolishing the wickness, and in giving '*liberty to the captive*.' In doing this, he neither endorses nor passes judgment upon any man's creed."

The *Standard*, *Bugle*, *Freeman* and *Liberator*, have, in their hot haste to convict me of hostility to these gentlemen, found it convenient to ignore this declaration altogether, and arraign me *not*, after all, for having charged these gentlemen with *being Infidels*, but for refusing to deny that they are *infidels*. In effect, these papers exact, as a condition of associating with them, the endorsement of the creeds or of the no-creeds of these leading men; and I call the Anti-Slavery world to witness, that the intolerance, bigotry, and sectarianism, of which I stand accused, are far more justly chargeable upon my assailants than upon me.

I have never made the religious opinions of any man the ground for separating from him, in any good work upon which we were agreed. But, suppose I had repudiated the creed of Mr. Garrison, I have a perfect right to do so, without reflecting upon him as an Abolitionist. Mr. Garrison is constantly reflecting upon the creeds of Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, and all Orthodox denominations. He repudiates their views of the *Church*, the *ministry*, the *Sabbath*, the *ordinance of baptism*, the *Lord's Supper*, of prayer, and of the Bible itself. Shall *he* have the privilege of repudiating the religious views of other Abolitionists, and shall the right be denied to them of repudiating his views in return? If so, the sooner the thing is known, the better, that it may be clearly seen that in associating with Mr. Garrison it is really expected that we endorse his *religious* views, as well as his views on the subject of Slavery. The *Bugle* disclaims this for itself, and I am now called upon to reciprocate its gladness, on the score of "disclaimers." The fact that I have received a friendly word lately from presses not in harmony with the American Anti-Slavery Society has been the result of the unfriendly and unfair assaults made upon me by the Garrisonian press itself, and not because I have taken the alleged ground occupied by these presses.

The fact that different reports go out to the world of my sayings and doings, from different points, is no proof of my double-dealing. One man hears me speak, and writes me down "Christian;" another hears me and writes me down "Infidel." One hears me and says I am working my "cards to gain support from the Evangelical maligners of Mr. Garrison;" another hears me and says I am as bad as "Wright, Pillsbury, or Foster." One hears me, and says that I have none of the harshness which he expected to find; and another hears, and says I would be far more useful to the cause of the slave were I less abusive. Am I to be held responsible for these representations? It would seem so from the manner in which Garrisonian papers copy these various reports, and animadvert upon them. The fact is, that my assailants are bent upon condemning me, upon good ground if they can, and upon bad if they must. If I were to catch up every word of praise bestowed upon Mr. Garrison by other than the strictly Anti-Slavery press of the country, and torture it into proof that Mr. Garrison is a time-server, I should just be guilty of the baseness which Garrisonian papers have perpetrated in my case.

THE LIBERATOR.

I verily believe that the ear of Mr. Garrison has been most grossly abused by his sycophantic fawners, in respect to the estimate set upon his character by me. It is the misfortune of men occupying the highly influential position which he does often to be surrounded by persons whose only means of rising into notice is the dealing in extravagant praise of such distinguished ones, and pretending to guard their persons and character against malign influences from abroad. In this way they succeed in having themselves baptized as "*the tried*," "*the true*," "*the reliable*," and so forth. On no other supposition can I reconcile the course pursued by Mr. Garrison towards a friend. But reconciled howsoever it may be, the work is for others, not for me. It is a little remarkable how *reluctantly* Mr. Garrison and his friends have fallen *pell mell* upon me. All their assaults are made with sentiments of the profoundest regret. They have had to overcome mountains of reluctance in getting at me; and 'tis amazing, considering the *ruggedness* of these mountains, that they ever succeed in crossing their Alpine heights.

> "One thing should always be remembered in regard to the Anti-Slavery cause. It is not based upon complexion, but upon justice; its principles are world wide, though the victims whom it seeks to deliver are groaning in the Southern prison-house; concerns man as man, not merely as an African, or one of African descent."

Theoretically and abstractly it is easy to admit the truth of this first postulate laid down by Mr. Garrison, as the necessary preliminary to his strictures upon me. Practically, however, and in point of fact, it fails to express the *whole* truth. If Mr. Garrison means here to assert, merely, that the principles of justice and liberty are universal, having neither respect to country, colour or condition, I agree with him; but if he means, what it seems he really does mean, that white men are are as deeply concerned in the success of the Anti-Slavery cause in this country, as are *Africans*, or persons of African descent, he contradicts the plainest truths, and flies directly in the face of facts, with no other apparent motive than to disparage the very people of whose claims to Liberty he is the acknowledged defender and advocate.

As if to leave no doubt of this disparagement, Mr. Garrison says:

> "Unswerving fidelity to it (the cause) in this country, requires high moral attainments, the crucifixion of all personal considerations, a paramount regard for principle, absolute faith in the right. It does not follow, therefore, that because a man is or has been a slave, or because he is identified with a class meted out and trodden under foot, he will be the truest to the cause of human freedom. Already, that cause, both religiously and politically, has transcended the ability of the sufferers from American Slavery and prejudice, as a class, to keep pace with it, or to perceive what are its demands, or to understand the philosophy of its operations."

This is about the same idea rather more plainly brought out in the *Freeman*, by RUSH PLUMLY, in his high-sounding talk about "moral rulers of mankind," and "Divine right," &c., &c. *If* it *be* true (as Mr. Garrison alleges) that the Anti-Slavery "Cause, both religiously and politically has, transcended the ability of the sufferers from American Slavery and prejudice, as a class, to keep pace with it, or to perceive what are its demands, or to understand the philosophy of its operations," it is equally true that it has transcended the ability of white men as well; and it is, therefore, difficult to perceive any good motive in Mr. Garrison for thus branding the *coloured* people, the sufferers from Slavery and prejudice, thus invidiously, with a want of apprehension and moral capacity. There is just one other judgment to be pronounced on the coloured people, "as a class," by Mr. Garrison, and the reward of "five thousand dollars" will no longer be offered for his head. It is this: "Liberty, both politically and religiously," has transcended the ability of the sufferers from American Slavery and prejudice, as a class, to keep pace with it, or to perceive its demands, to understand the philosophy of its operations, with the simple addition, and therefore not fit for freedom, and the wall of partition which separates Mr. Garrison from the rest of his fellow-citizens, would instantly fall. In reading this passage from Mr. Garrison, one is led to enquire WHAT there is, either in the "pace," "demands," or "philosophy" of the Anti-Slavery Cause, which is so profound and mysterious that the coloured people of the country cannot understand it? I had thought this Anti-Slavery Cause something after the model of Christianity, so plain that the way-faring man, though a fool, might "understand the philosophy of its operations." The coloured people ought to feel profoundly grateful for this magnificent compliment (which does not emanate from a Colonizationist) to their high moral worth, and breadth of comprehension so generously bestowed by William Lloyd Garrison! Who will doubt, hereafter, the natural inferiority of the *negro*, when the great champion of the negroes' rights, thus broadly concedes all that is claimed respecting the negroes' inferiority by the bitterest despisers of the negro race. Of course, after this, we shall hear no more talk, on the part of the Abolitionists, about "placing themselves in the position of the slave, and seeing his wrongs from his standpoint!" It strikes me that the class who may be presumed to understand this cause are the actual "sufferers from American Slavery and prejudice."

The iron of Slavery and prejudice has entered their souls. What is theory to others is *practice* to them. Every day and hour is crowded with lessons to *them* on the subject, to which the WHITES, as a class, are strangers. I have often travelled on the forward deck of a steamer in the night, while Abolitionists have been sleeping soundly in the cabin below. I have been deprived of food and gone hungry, while Abolitionists have dined sumptuously. Abolitionism does not change the colour of skin—so that while, *theoretically and abstractly*, the cause of Anti-Slavery is the cause of universal man, it is *practically and peculiarly* in this country the cause of the coloured man—and any attempt, either on the part of Mr. Garrison or on the part of Rush Plumly, to lift this holy cause into a sublimity beyond the comprehension of the coloured men, as a class, deserves to be branded by every coloured man with the reprobation due to so stupendous an insult. Had the same sentiments fallen from the lips of Hon. HORACE MANN, concerning the coloured people as a class, he would ere this have been publicly denounced, by speech and by resolution, in mass meetings of the coloured people of Massachusetts. Verily! 'tis not good to "have respect to persons" in judgment!

> "Another thing should be clearly understood. The difficulty with Mr. Douglass, on the part of his old friends, is not that he has changed his opinions concerning the Constitution, but that he has become alienated in spirit, and no longer treats them with fairness or courtesy."

This is mere assertion, so far as it relates to the change of my views concerning the Constitution, &c. As to having become alienated in spirit, Mr. Garrison should have stated what the history of the affair proves, that the alienation was mutual, and existed as much on their part as on mine.

I know, if *he* does not, that as soon as I changed my views on the Constitution of the United States, leading Garrisonians who had taken my paper, the *North Star*, flung it back on me like fallen leaves in autumn; and after that announcement I was never again invited to the platform of the American Anti-Slavery Society!! Now, I affirm that, considering how uniformly I had been before welcomed among the Garrisonians, it does seem that (Mr. Garrison to the contrary, notwithstanding) the change in my views concerning the Constitution had something to do, and has still something to do, with the "difficulty" between me and my "old friends."

But more on this point by-and-by. Mr. Garrison attempts to make me convict myself of falsehood—because, while I declared that the *Liberator* had opened what it evidently meant should be a very galling and destructive fire upon *Frederick Douglass's Paper*, I afterward said that his promised "strictures" remained to be made. I considered Mr. Garrison's array of extracts from my paper, significantly numbered, artistically arranged, and skilfully introduced, as the opening, and so it really proved to be the opening of a fire upon *Frederick Douglass's Paper*, and if this be a falsehood, may mortal man never tell a greater!

> "The atrocious crime of Mr. Nell was, in modestly asking Mr. Douglass to explain his position to his old friends and coadjutors! The treatment he has received at the hands of Mr. Douglass would be disgraceful to a barbarian."

The "atrocious crime of Mr. Nell" was just no such thing. Mr. NELL, who goes *grumbling* about in private that he ought to have been successor, in the Anti-Slavery Office in Boston, to Henry W. Williams, and complaining that he, a coloured man, was pushed out of employment to make way for Mr. Walcutt, whiningly arraigned me before the coloured people of Boston, as having been "unkind, ungenerous, and ungrateful" to his Boston Anti-Slavery friends. I thought him a pitiful tool, and said so. His behaviour on that occasion was that of a hanger-on.

> "The refusal of Mr. D. to allow Mr. Nell to be heard through his columns, after having grossly misrepresented and assailed him, was an act of unmitigated injustice."

The refusal here alluded to, I hold to have been eminently just. Mr. Nell had, already, been reported in my columns by the Secretary of the meeting (a personal friend of his), every justice had been done him. It was, therefore, no injustice to exclude a speech of his prepared after the meeting in question, and which was essentially different from that made on the occasion.

Mr. Garrison concludes his first notice of me with the following bitter judgment:

> "He is an altered man in his temper and spirit; the success of his paper he makes paramount to principle; and the curse of worldly ambition is evidently the secret of his alienation."

Whether "the curse of worldly ambition" is on me or not, it is very evident "*the curse*" of WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON is upon me.

There is no proof that, in any case, I have made "*the success*" of my "*paper*" "*paramount to principle*." The charge of "wordly ambition" is quite innocent from the pen of Mr. Garrison, since, I believe, there is not a man in the United States oftener accused of "*ambition*" and egotism than he by whom the charge is brought? No! Mr. Garrison, you have not hit the secret of my "*alienation*"—if alienated I may be properly called. Had I been ambitious of praise, ambitious of position, I never would have incurred the displeasure of GARRISONIANS. I should have sought their support and flattered their pride, acknowledged their claims, prophesied smooth things, withheld distasteful criticism, shaped my course by their wishes, and basked in the sunshine of their smiles.

Upon Mr. Garrison's CHICAGO article, it would be easy to say much, but I am admonished, by the enormous length to which this article has already grown, to use brevity. This article, as Mr. Garrison says, was written from necessity; and what, dear reader, do you think was the necessity? *This* it was, to *my* apprehension. I had held a series of successful Anti-Slavery meetings in CHICAGO, ILLINOIS. A friend of Mr. Garrison's attended those meetings. He confessed himself pleased with the faithfulness with which I advocated the claims of the cause of freedom. *Now*, to destroy the favourable judgment of my labours, and of my character, this article of Mr. Garrison was rendered "*necessary*." In regard to this article, as in regard to all the others, I shall only strike out, for the reader, the key-stone of the arch of fallacies, and leave details to those who have leisure to peruse them.

> "If, rejecting their interpretation of the Constitution, we nevertheless praise and welcome the individuals to whom he refers, why should we not act as cordially toward Mr. D., with whom we have been brought into far more intimate relations than with either of the others, in whose remarkable development we have felt an honourable pride, for whose welfare we have cherished a brotherly regard, and whose individuality and independence we have desired to see preserved inviolate?"

I have met this argument before, and shall now meet it again. The argument is that as certain "*individuals*" holding opinions in harmony with Frederick Douglass are praised and welcomed by Garrisonians, therefore, the opinions of Frederick Douglass are not the cause of his being proscribed by Garrisonians. The point of the case is not reached by this argument. The very soul of it is left out. It is not the OPINIONS, but the CHANGE of opinions, the *change* from *theirs* to those of *others*; and this change openly promulgated in the very Garrisonian camp! here is the offence. But again, the cases put are not equal. Such men as are named are quite as tall as Garrisonians themselves. They have wealth, honours, position; and Boston is not the place to be wholly indifferent to these. Even Charles Remond, who was scarcely recognised as one of the "tried" and the "true" when poor, has, since making himself well off by marriage, rapidly risen in Boston favour.

The fact that Garrisonians are lavish of "praise" towards GERRIT SMITH may deceive others; but it cannot deceive me. It, at best, is but a modern devotion, and has increased in the multitude of its ceremonies precisely in proportion to the bitterness with which its votaries have assailed me. That "noble man," GERRIT SMITH, and that "*base*" man, Frederick Douglass, go hand in hand with this controversy, and the one is seldom seen without the other. There was a time, and that time is not long gone by, when GERRIT SMITH was seldom mentioned in the *Liberator* and *Anti-Slavery Standard*, but for the purpose of making him appear ridiculous, as being at the head of a party of a "Baker's Dozen." It is but a very few months since he was branded as an "APOSTATE," by an agent of the "American Anti-Slavery Society," in the columns of the *Liberator*, when Mr. Garrison did not even interpose the "noble" between Mr. Smith and the brand. What has happened to make Mr. Smith such a prodigious favourite with Garrisonians of late?

Mr. Garrison, like Mr. Johnson and Mr. Plumly, finds evidence of my unworthiness in the commendations bestowed upon me, especially by Dr. CAMPBELL, of the *British Banner*. Now, without for a moment endorsing the soundness of every judgment pronounced by Dr. Campbell upon Anti-Slavery men and measures in this country, I will say that there is not a man in all England who has uniformly borne a fuller or a stronger testimony against American Slavery, in all its parts and particulars, than has Dr. Campbell of the *British Banner*. Certainly there is not a man in England whose friendship I more highly prize or of whose commendation I ought to be more proud. His journal, the *British Banner*, stands at the head of the great dissenting interest of England; and, in point of courage, true manliness, high independence, steadfast adherence to the right, and the cause of progress, the *Banner* reigns without a superior in the newspaper world. It's all nonsense to call it an "unscrupulous sheet." It may answer where the paper is not known, but it will excite only contempt among those who read the *Banner*. But why have those journals spoken a kind word for me of late? The answer is to be found in the shockingly unjust attacks made upon me by the Garrisonian Press. Mr. Garrison and his friends may thank themselves for those galling commendations.

I am guilty, also, of having been commended by the *Colonization Herald*. I am greatly indebted to the Garrisonian journals for making me acquainted with the fact, for I have not seen the *Herald* containing it. One of these days I may show that there is not much difference between the estimate set upon *coloured* people, as a class, by Abolitionists and Colonizationists themselves. I have certain facts upon that subject, which may be brought to light at a subsequent stage of this controversy.

I have no fear of being thus confounded with Colonizationists; an effort has been made *thus* to confound me, but it proved altogether a miserable failure. The story that I have been in every instance the "aggressor," that I have "ostracised" myself, that my "constitutional opinions" have nothing to do with the matter, that I give "no evidence" of being "satisfied with" my "present position," that I am "doing violence to" my "own convictions," that I have "lost much of my moral power," that I have spoken "ungenerously, unfairly, and malignantly" of George Thompson, Wendell Phillips, Parker Pillsbury, Stephen S. Foster, Henry C. Wright, Robert Purvis, C. L. Remond, Wm. C. Nell, can be judged of as well by my readers, in the light of views already presented, as from any extended remarks of mine here. I, therefore, dismiss this part of the subject by simply saying, that about nothing have I been so shabbily treated as about the remarks made by me upon a speech made at Bristol, England, in which I deemed him unjust to the LIBERTY PARTY.

> "For several years past he has had one of the worst advisers in his printing-office, whose influence over him has not only caused much unhappiness in his own household, but perniciously biassed his own judgment."

As to whether my "adviser" is the best or "the worst," is a matter of different opinions. I am, at any rate, profoundly grateful for the eminent services of that "adviser," in opening my eyes to many things connected with my Anti-Slavery relations, to which I had before been partially blind, as well as for holding up my hands right nobly in my effort to establish my paper, and to educate my children. The judgment of Mr. Garrison is not the judgment of those who know this "adviser" best. The charge of "unhappiness in my household" is one which I refuse to answer in this place, or in any public journal, unless required to do so by some proper and competent tribunal known to the laws of the land.

1. Because it involves considerations wholly foreign to the present controversy.
2. Because the public have not been called upon by my "household" to pass upon its affairs, its happiness or "unhappiness," or upon "the cause" of either.
3. Because, to deny the charge would be an ex parte denial.
4. Because, in matters of this sort, ex parte denials are worthless.
5. Because such denials would satisfy nobody who was before dissatisfied.
6. Because the precedent of dragging a man's domestic affairs before the public, with a view to damage him in public estimation, is bad.
7. Because a man's wife and children should be spared the mortification involved in a public discussion of matter so entirely private, and which can come to no issue in such a court.
8. Because the stake I hold in the happiness of my household is greater than that of any other person.

Since writing the above, a letter form Mrs. Douglass has made its appearance in the *Liberator*, and I copy it here, "simply remarking" that, in everything essential, the denial is, and was, intended to be a complete answer to the charge made by the *Liberator*.

LETTER FROM MRS. DOUGLASS.

> We publish the following letter as requested by Mrs. DOUGLASS—simply remarking that it is evasive in its language, as our charge had reference to the past and not to the present. It is not possible that Mrs. D. means deliberately to affirm, that there has been no unhappiness created in her family, in regard to the person alluded to, though there may be no cause for any such feeling at the present time.
>
> WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON—*Sir*: It is not true that the presence of a certain person in the office of Frederick Douglass causes unhappiness in his family. Please insert this in your next paper. ANNA DOUGLASS.
>
> Rochester, Nov. 21st, 1853.

At this point, I might well drop the further consideration of these savage attacks, and wash my hands entirely of the prosecution of this controversy. But I know my assailants too well, and the unconquerable hate which they bear me, to suppose for a moment that I shall be permitted hereafter to pursue my Anti-Slavery labours in peace. The end of controversy with them is the end of the materiel of which it is composed. They will strike so long as there is anybody or thing to strike at; and as I have not the slightest intention of withdrawing myself from the field which they so much dislike to see me occupy, I shall hold myself ready to repel, with whatever force I can properly command, this *double-distilled* conspiracy to crush me.

(From the same of August 19.)

SOMETHING PERSONAL.

I HAVE before alluded to the ungenerous and unprovoked attack upon me at Framingham, by Mr. Wendell Phillips. As nothing is said of this in the *Liberator's* notice of the celebration, and as it is a matter of some importance to me, personally, and my Anti-Slavery usefulness, I desire to give my version of the affair to the readers of my paper, with all the calmness and impartiality which, considering my feelings, I am capable of. It is not a slight matter to be denounced by one so popular among Abolitionists as Wendell Phillips. He is esteemed as a gentleman, as well as an Abolitionist, and has the reputation of being a just as well as a generous man; his words, therefore, have a power to curse as well as to bless, and cannot be treated with indifference. Well, this is my version of the affair: I went, at considerable expense, trouble, and inconvenience, on the 2d of August, to attend the celebration at Framingham, Massachusetts, simply to hear what such men as Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Rev. Theodore Parker, and C. C. Burleigh, would have to say on the subject of West India Emancipation, and on the subject of American Slavery. I went to be instructed, to listen, and to note what was worthy of note, and to report the same for the edification of my readers. I had not expected to speak, as I had not been invited there to speak. I am particular to say this, because it has (as will be seen in the sequel) an important bearing upon the treatment which I received on the occasion. One other remark. When I entered Waverly Hall, I took my seat in the back part of the hall, near the door. Some of the members of the Society, whom I supposed to be in good and regular standing, kindly asked me to take a seat nearer the pulpit. I complied, thinking I committed no sin by the act. I certainly had no desire to intrude, and could not have anticipated being deemed an intruder. In all this I was mistaken. Mr. P. was called upon for a speech. He ascended the pulpit. The people received him with a shout—a shout that told they expected a rare treat. "The lesson of this day," said he, "is perseverance." Very good beginning, thought I, as apt as true. He proceeded for a few minutes to illuminate and illustrate the happy conception, and passed on to other topics. Excited he was, but I did not dream it was the excitement of anger. He applied *plumit*, *rule* and *square* to the Anti-Slavery principle, and told us success depended upon a rigid adherence to it. He took up Kossuth and vindicated his (Phillips's) course towards him, by his recent letter published in the New York *Times*, complaining that an American naval officer had fired a salute to an Austrian Diplomat, as a salute against liberty in Europe. Very good. The hit was excellent, and showed Phillips a true prophet. He glanced at the results of emancipation, and he was equally happy on this topic. As he merged from this, he fixed his angry eye upon me, and began a most bitter, personal assault. I was just here going on to narrate the language used by Mr. Phillips, but a friend has handed me the *Liberator*, containing what purports to be a report of Mr. Phillips's speech. I give it here, premising that it conveys but a slender idea of the scene as it actually occurred at Framingham. The bitterness of the speech as spoken does not appear in the speech as printed. It is hard to report the words; it is harder to report the fiery glance and supercilious scowl of Wendell Phillips. The reporters have done me justice; I will not, therefore, complain that they have softened down the harsher features of Mr. Phillip's speech. Indeed, I take the fact that they have omitted to publish certain words of his delivered on that occasion as a confession of their utter unworthiness. "*He* [*Douglass*] *is the last man I expected to meet here*." *He* [*Douglass*] *ought not to be here occupying a front seat, after what he had said*." This, and more of the same sort, would not look well on paper, and perhaps reporters are of the same opinion. This sounded like some of the miserable trash of the pro-slavery papers, that Phillips ought to leave this country, because he thinks badly of the Constitution. But here is the matter as reported for the *Liberator*:

> "In conclusion, Mr. Phillips said, that while he was just, and meant to be, to the great majority on this side of the water or the other, and to any great name that stood high in the world's esteem, he wished to make an application of the principle then and there. He was going to ask their friend, FREDERICK DOUGLASS, to explain the doubt he had cast, in the columns of his paper, upon the integrity of the American Anti-Slavery Society. And he would say, that when he had an explanation to ask of any professed friend, he always asked it the first time he met him, and wherever he met him. It had lately been the disposition of their friend Douglass to represent, in his paper, the American Anti-Slavery Society as seeking to prevent the attendance of HENRY C. WRIGHT, PARKER PILLSBURY, and STEPHEN S. FOSTER, at their Anniversary in New York City, on account of the odium under which these gentlemen rested in the public estimation, with respect to their religious views. He had never known the hour when he had been anything else but proud to be the fellow-labourer of these devoted friends of the slave; and when he should be of as much service to the slave's cause as either of them, and be as worthy of the confidence of the great Anti-Slavery public as their lives had proved them to be, he should feel himself in his proper sphere as a labourer in the Anti-Slavery field. As a member of the Board of Managers of the American Society, he felt this charge as a personal imputation; and he wished to ask Mr. DOUGLASS what reason he had even to insinuate that the absence of those gentlemen was designed—was a propitiation to a New York mob—was the propitiation to the pro-slavery religion of the country? They ought not to meet there together, if he (Mr. D.) thought he was worthy of that paragraph. He asked the question there, because he should be ashamed to go out to an Anti-Slavery gathering elsewhere, and have it said that he had met FREDERICK DOUGLASS, and failed to ask him what ground he had to make against them so serious, so fatal a charge.
>
> "Mr. DOUGLASS, in reply, said, that he should have been better pleased with the question of his friend Phillips, and far more ready to answer it, if he had stated the precise language, or anything near the language, he (Mr. D.) had used. The remarks thrown out incidentally in respect to that matter had no personal reference to any individual connected with the American Anti-Slavery Society; nor was the conjecture based upon the idea that any action had been taken by anybody to prevent the appearance of those gentlemen at that meeting. As he now remembered the substance of the remarks alluded to, it was simply a conjecture that those gentlemen had possibly remained away from the Annual Meeting in consequence of the clamour raised against them on the ground of infidelity. He did not admit the right of any individual to summon him on that platform to answer questions thus categorically put. He did not come there to state grievances, or to criticise the action of the American or the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. In his paper, like Mr. Phillips on that platform, he felt at liberty to criticise the character of any Anti-Slavery effort or any Anti-Slavery Society in existence; and he held his columns free to any one who should think injustice had been done to any party. He dissented entirely from Mr. Phillips's position, that he might not entertain an opinion of the shortcomings and mistakes made by himself (Mr. P.) and his friends, and yet sit under his voice and receive instruction, as he had that day. He felt that they were there for another purpose than to discuss the relation which he held to the American or the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, and he could not consent to occupy their time in such a discussion. If, at another time, he should be called upon to show wherein he did not agree with his friends about him, why he had felt some estrangement from them, he could do so, and with none of the malice, none of the bitterness which had been unjustly—*very unjustly*—ascribed to him."

Having no desire for controversy with any friend of the slave, and being anxious that all my strength shall be thrown against the enemies of liberty, and the oppressors of my people, I promise my readers that I mean this to be my last article on this subject.—The pressure from without is powerful enough, and hard enough to withstand, without provoking internal feuds. But now that the matter is up, I will make clean work of it.

The paragraph upon which Mr. Phillips based his remarks at Framingham appeared in my paper three months ago. Here it is:

> "There was another feature of the meeting which could not fail to be noticed by those accustomed to attend on such occasions, namely, the absence of Stephen S. Foster, Parker Pillsbury and Henry C. Wright; neither of these champions of freedom—men who have stamped their character on the Anti-Slavery movement, so that he who runs may read—were there. One or all of them should have been on hand. Their absence cannot but excite remark. They are the spice of such occasions. Injudicious, to be sure, for they have the faculty of saying just what they think, without much regard to time or place. They should have accompanied the ark on its restoration to its place in New York.
>
> "Now, we suspect that these gentlemen have been induced to absent themselves on this occasion because their presence might give new force to the charge of infidelity, which is brought against the Anti-Slavery Society; which charge is operating very unfavourably to its prospects, especially in Scotland. If we are right in this conjecture, we are bound to commend their motive, while we must condemn the principle upon which they have acted, and the wisdom of their policy. The absence of these gentlemen will not silence the cry of infidelity, though their presence might increase it. The fact that they stayed away, taken in connection with others, is liable to be esteemed as a confession of past offences, and an acknowledgment of the justice of the censures heaped upon them; so that both the principle and policy are false and mistaken. The Anti-Slavery platform is broad enough for the world to stand upon; and we have an interest in maintaining its breadth. There is a principle of vital importance to the slave and to every other victim of injustice involved in the matter. To make the Anti-Slavery platform, even for expediency's sake, too narrow for such men as WRIGHT, FOSTER, and PILLSBURY, is not to be endured in silence. We don't say it has been done; but we do say that, considering the circumstances, there is reason for the conjecture."

It will be seen that the foregoing makes no allusion to any action of Mr. Phillips in the matter. There is no imputation either upon any committee of which he is a member. The simple purport of that paragraph is, that the persons named in it might have remained away from the late anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, because they were obnoxious on account of their religious opinions. That is all. It is not affirmed that they were kept away by any body, or that anybody wished to keep them away; but it is simply conjectured that they themselves had remained away for the reasons supposed. Now, that Mr. Phillips should feel himself personally hit by that paragraph is a thing not unworthy of notice. He was certainly not present in my mind when I wrote that paragraph; and why he should be so ready to defend himself from imputations never cast upon him, is a thing, perhaps, that he can best explain.

But suppose the charge to have been preferred against him as a member of the "BOARD" of the American Anti-Slavery Society, there was nothing in such a charge, I contend, at which Mr. Phillips could properly take so serious umbrage. Had the Committee even gone so far as to have selected other speakers than Messrs. Foster, Pillsbury, and Wright, leaving them out altogether, and had they been charged with this omission, in plain terms, that charge would not have effected their integrity. Nothing is more common, in the action of the managers of Societies, than the exercise of such discrimination, in selecting speakers on given occasions. It is a prerogative never disclaimed by any Society. One man is selected, and another is not selected; one, perhaps, because he is judicious and argumentative, is called upon to move this or that resolution; another, perhaps, for the opposite reason, is selected to do something else; and this is all quite defensible, for every Society has a right to put its "best foot foremost." To do so, or to be charged with doing so, is no imputation upon its integrity. Such action would only be adapting proper means to legitimate ends—the practice of a wise discretion—to use the favourite maxim of Abby Kelley Foster, it would be but giving the "tools to them that can use them."

But I scorn to take shelter under this plea since Mr. Phillips is determined to put the worst possible construction upon my words, and to wring from them a meaning wholly foreign to their natural import. I will meet him upon his own ground, and reply not only to his *written* speech, but to his *spoken* speech.

One of the sins alleged against me at Framingham, and one deemed of special significance at the time, but which is, strangely enough, omitted in the *Liberator's* report, is this: He (Douglass) had been *careful to make proclamation* that H. C. Wright, Parker Pillsbury, Stephen S Foster, are called infidels. To this I reply, I am not at all conscious of having exercised any particular *care* in the matter. I mentioned the circumstance, to be sure, but in no unfriendly spirit. The thing required no *care* to *proclaim* it. From the importance attached by Mr. Phillips to this point, it would almost appear that I had dragged forth, and given notoriety to an obscure fact; and yet, the thing has been a thousand times proclaimed by the gentlemen themselves. Indeed these gentlemen seldom make an Anti-Slavery speech that they do not mention this charge as being made against them. No, Mr. Phillips, this "*proclamation*" (a large word) *was already made*. *I* only made mention of it; and, probably, carried the information to not a single person that did not know it before. Another fault set to my account at Framingham, is (and no report is made of it), that I neither affirmed nor denied the charge brought against these gentlemen. It was said, "that the time *was* when I would have denied the charge of infidelity brought against them" I admit that there was once such a time—a time when I would have denied, with all proper emphasis, such a charge. That I do not do it now is not owing to an unkind or to an unjust disposition towards either of the gentlemen named; but it is owing to an altered state of the case. These gentlemen have made progress, and do not stand where they once did. *If* the charge of infidelity, now brought against them, were the result of their faithfulness to the slave's cause—*if* that charge were purely the invention of a *pro-slavery church*, and of a dumb-dog ministry, conceived and brought forth with the diabolical purpose of giving aid and comfort to the traffickers in human flesh, without any probable foundation (as I once honestly supposed it to be), *I would denounce it now*, as I did then, with the utmost scorn and indignation. But I put it to Mr. Phillips with point-blank pungency, to say whether *he believes this charge to have no other foundation than the malice of a pro-slavery church?* He knows, and knows *very well*, that other than the malice of such a church has given currency to this charge. It is, therefore, asking a little *too much* of me, as an Abolitionist, to defend Messrs. Wright, Pillsbury and Foster, from the charge of infidelity. Those gentlemen do not themselves ask it. Messrs. Pillsbury and Wright would scorn to ask it. They not only are disbelievers in the Bible, and scout its inspiration, but, *if* there *be* any meaning in words, they glory in such disbelief; and laugh at the absurdity of recognising *any* book as of *divine* authority. A pretty ridiculous figure, indeed, should I cut defending these gentlemen from the charge of infidelity!

I should have to invent a new dictionary, and change the meaning of words, to defend these gentlemen from the charge of being infidels! "*An infidel* (according to Webster) *is one who disbelieves the inspiration of the Scriptures, and the divine origin of Christianity*."

According to this definition, and to the plain use of words, these gentlemen *are* infidels; and it would have been either the utmost folly or the grossest dishonesty in me to have pursued the course commended by Mr. Phillips, and have defended these gentlemen.

This, indeed, I *could* have done, and *did* do, denied the right of any man to make the individual opinions of these gentlemen a ground of separation from them in efforts to give liberty to the enslaved people of this country, and (as I understand Mr. Wright and Mr. Pillsbury) this is is all they ask. It is certainly all that they or their friends have any right to ask. Yet, at Framingham, no credit was given me by Mr. Phillips for doing this. It was *not* the *good* that I *did*, but the good that I omitted to do, which he remembered; and that omitted good was the *non-denial* of the *infidelity of Messrs. Pillsbury and Wright*.

But to the main question of Mr. Phillips, namely, What reason I had to insinuate that the absence of Messrs. Pillsbury, Foster and Wright was designed? I answer: First, Messrs. Pillsbury, Foster and Wright are probably the most unpopular members in "*the American Anti-Slavery Society*." Second, the American Anti-Slavery Society had, for two years, been wholly unable to obtain, in the city of New York, a hall in which to hold its anniversary; that during these two years, it held its annual meeting in the cities of Syracuse and Rochester; that at each of these meetings the unpopular gentlemen spoken of were present, and took a conspicuous part, as, indeed, they have taken such part generally, in the meetings of the Society. The fact that *three* such persons, so nearly allied in opinion and position, should be absent from the late annual meeting, is, to say the least, a striking coincidence, and might well provoke a remark. But there is another reason, taken in connection with this, which makes the coincidence still more remarkable. Perhaps there never was, certainly not since the separation in 1840, such an effort made by the Executive Committee to present an imposing demonstration as at this anniversary. Circulars were not only sent to a few individuals who were invited to speak on the occasion, but many were sent out to private individuals, urging their especial attendance on the occasion. It is true I got no especial circular (and perhaps this helped along the insinuation), but my neighbours did. Now, it did seem, when the rank and file were so bountifully supplied with special invitations, all the more singular that three such champions (and they so much alike) should have been elsewhere than on the spot, on an occasion where such special pains had been taken to produce every "*shot in the locker*." But, in addition to this, a most unheard-of course was pursued to obtain the presence of distinguished persons on that occasion. Had any one told me, before that meeting, that any temptation would ever induce "the American Anti-Slavery Society" to issue special letters inviting New Organizationists to attend their annual meeting, I should have met it with a prompt denial. But the fact came out there, at that very meeting, that sundry gentlemen, not in sympathy with the distinctive peculiarities of the Society, and who have not acted with it for the last dozen years, were especially invited to be present, and to take part in its deliberations. Distinguished members of what are termed the pro-slavery church were especially invited to attend. Even a member of the Executive Committee of that most bitterly hated of all Societies, the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society (a Society for attending whose anniversary I received a polite rebuke from the very gentleman to whom I am now replying), was especially addressed and invited to be present.

Now, I confess that all this looks very much like an attempt to put "the best foot foremost," as I have elsewhere said. Let it not be supposed, however, that I disapprove of this unusual catholicity; I only wish it were a little *more usual*.

Well, taking these things together, with what came out at the same meeting, about the probable falling off of aid from England and Scotland, growing out of the charge of infidelity against the Society, the thought *did* arise (and I contend very naturally) that Messrs. Foster, Pillsbury and Wright might have been induced to remain away, to screen the Society from the odium of their infidel opinions. Here I drop the subject; and while I have no desire ever again to recur to it, I wish still to have it distinctly understood, not less by my kind friends than by my bitterest enemies (for I have both), that they need never to expect me to shrink from any legitimate controversy (personal or otherwise) growing out of my relations to the cause of the oppressed and enslaved people of the United States. Yet I appreciate the wisdom of the Apostolic injunction, "IF IT BE POSSIBLE, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men."

SENATOR SUMNER.—It argues very little for the character of the Senate of the United States, that one of the very few eminent statesmen and philanthropists who impart dignity and weight to its character, should be ostracised by the appointing power. We have no desire to meddle with the "peculiar institutions" of the South, and certainly no disposition to see the great senators of the free States stripped of the attributes of their office. Such a seal of their unworthiness to be placed on important committees, on the part of a majority of the Senate, it is not warranted by the Constitution; nor will it be much longer sanctioned, if the men of the free States be made of the same stuff their forefathers were made of. Under our government, the freedom of opinion should not be attended with humiliating deprivations, unless the governing power aims at a despotism, in the name of a majority of the people; and then, of course, it will eagerly employ these means to accomplish its object. The Senate is fast losing the dignity which alone makes it tolerable in a republic; if its mode of procedure should ultimately end in the concentration of all legislative power in the hands of the immediate representatives of the people, we shall have no reason to regret the factious events which, in its wisdom or folly, it gives birth to.—*Hoboken Gazette.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, New York.

Donations to the Treasury of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, at Boston; or to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, New York.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1853.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

WERE we the "vigilant enemies" of Frederick Douglass—were our feelings toward him those of "unquenchable hate"—were it our purpose to "exert the energies and expend the funds" of the Association we represent to fling at his head, "the head of an appointed victim," the "hatchet of fratricidal war"—did we mean to "pursue, misrepresent, traduce and vilify him, with a bitterness ever increasing, and a steadiness and violence only characteristic of malice, deep, broad, lasting, and in its worst form"—in short (not to put altogether too agonizing and fine a point upon it), were we, in common with all the rest of the American Anti-Slavery Society, its President and Vice-Presidents, its Secretaries and its Treasurers, its Board of Managers, its Executive Committee and its lay members, both male and female, the abandoned, wicked, malicious, unscrupulous, arrogant, exterminating, negro-hating, and hypocritical conspirators which Mr. Douglass represents us to be, we should rejoice at the article from his paper to which we give so large a space in the present number of our own. In one sense, indeed, we are gratified—that thereby comes an end, we hope, to a very painful controversy, and that Mr. Douglass here acknowledges in terms, and displays in the intensest bitterness of spirit, the enmity to the Anti-Slavery Cause, as it is represented by the American Society and its friends, that has been alleged against him. But not deeming ourselves so full of all uncharitableness and so influenced by the basest motives as he regards us, we can but regret such a development of character in one whom, for so many years, we honoured and esteemed, and whose power of good for an oppressed people we considered hardly second to that of any other human creature. The article, however, long as it is, we copy, as well as another for not copying which he complains of us—as it seems to us, unreasonably, as we gave so much of it as touched upon the point at issue between us—that neither he nor any one else shall ever be able to say that we have denied him a hearing, and because we would rather err on the generous side in this matter than even seem to be, in ever so slight a degree, less than generous or just. Bear with us, reader, for this once, and we trust the necessity will not again arise that your ear or our lips shall be pained by an allusion to a circumstance which can be productive only of evil to a cause which we both cherish, but which, like everything else human, must be subject always to human infirmity and foolishness, and sometimes sacrificed to human selfishness and vanity.

Not indeed that we have much to say, or any intention of replying article by article to Mr. Douglass's indictment, or defence, or whatever title he may be pleased to apply to this extraordinary document. The sprawling sportsman, whose gun, though aimed at duck or plover, kicks back and knocks its owner over, is himself the best evidence that his shot has been otherwise harmless. The recalcitration of this piece also is, as between Mr. Douglass and ourselves, the only direction in which it is likely to do any damage. Doubtless there are people who will hold this article as his sufficient justification, but they are of a class whose prejudices preclude the possibility of any other than a foregone conclusion, and who would have held his total silence as equally triumphant. None who thought him wrong before will think him right now; and the few who have been waiting for further evidence in the case, waiting to hear with patience and without passion, and disposed for a righteous judgment, wherever it might fall, can hardly fail to read in this 'enormous length' of vituperation, the condemnation of the man who is so blinded and confused by the violence of his wrath as to acknowledge the truth of the charge against him, and be himself at the pains to gather together the evidence that his answer to it is altogether idle. Having shown this, we may be, we think, dismissed from the further consideration of the subject.

The single point in controversy between Mr. Douglass and his old friends is simply this—that he had become alienated from and inimical to the American Anti-Slavery Society. It was not that he merely differed with a majority or a minority of its members upon any subject aside from the question of Slavery; nor that he differed with them, or any of them, on some question of expediency, or of principle connected with the cause, as, for instance, the Constitutional question; for on such questions, on the platform and off of it there always has been, is now, and always will be, differences among the members of the Society; but it was, we repeat, that he became estranged from, and inimical to, his old friends, and exercised, therefore, an influence, so far as he had any, in opposition to the movement of which they are the life and soul. Now, if this were true, it follows, that so far as the American Society is identified with the great cause of Anti-Slavery—and it will hardly be denied that that cause has, at least, one of its great roots in that organization—then hostility to the Society is to a certain degree hostility to the cause itself. Herein was the charge against Frederick Douglass. We wish to make this statement very clear and not to be misunderstood.

Mr. Douglass, or any one else, has a right even to cease to be an Abolitionist; has the right to repudiate altogether the Anti-Slavery doctrines; to declare the great principle of the Declaration of Independence a rhetorical flourish, the condition of Slavery the most natural for the African race, and the most in accordance with the Divine will;—the right, we mean, of course, as a free agent. No sane man in asserting this right would complain, that it was made a charge against him; he would look upon it rather as imputed righteousness.

So Mr. Douglass, or any one else, has the same right to repudiate the doctrine of the American Anti-Slavery Society; the same right to reject its philosophy of reform; and the same right to discard the fellowship of its members. To do so does not necessarily involve a want of principle, for a man may honestly come to the conclusion that a better form of Anti-Slavery faithfulness may be found than that Society can give him. But the man who adopts this course, but, with an indignant denial upon his lips that he is doing any such thing, betrays his own consciousness of base motives, or of secret hostility to the cause which the Society represents. This has been Mr. Douglass's course, as has been charged against him. And what better evidence can we have of his motives—nay, what other evidence can we have, short of his own confession, of motives that are concealed, than the denial which he labours through twelve columns of his paper to make? Had he, six years or six months ago, openly avowed his hostility, there would, at least, have been nothing equivocal in his position. But it was because he was secretly hostile, because latterly he has endeavoured to give currency to the most popular, the most odious, and the falsest charge against us, while, at the same time, he claimed to be in sympathy and fellowship with Abolitionists of the old school, that it became necessary to strip him of his disguises and proclaim his true position; and this was done almost simultaneously in the *Liberator*, the *Freeman* and the *Standard*, and by Mr. Phillips, at Framingham, not by a preconcerted understanding, not as an act of conspirators, as he absurdly alleges, but without the slightest consultation, because men engaged in a common cause saw a common danger and took precautions against it. The occasion of this cannot be forgotten. It was when, only a few months since, Mr. Douglass joined with the mob of precious pietists of the pro-slavery church, and the self-sacrificing patriots of the Cotton-Union, in the hue-and cry of "Infidel!" "Infidel!" raised against men whose only crime—if it be one—against society and against religion is a life-long devotion to the cause of the slave. It has been well and widely known for years that Mr Douglass has been becoming more and more alienated from his old friends. "I am," he himself says in the article before us, referring to a person who, on her arrival in this country, some five or six years ago, avowed her hostility to the old organized Abolitionists, and their method of reform, and has ever since been consistent in her conduct with that avowal—"I am profoundly grateful for the eminent services of that 'adviser' in opening my eyes to many things connected with my Anti-Slavery relations, to which I had before been partially blind." What can be more conclusive than this acknowledgement? But this growing hostility of his had never till the article just referred to appeared, exhibited itself so openly, and till that exhibition the utmost forbearance had been extended towards him. 'Leave him to work in his own way,' was the universal feeling, and would have continued to be, had he not openly thrown himself in the path of the American Society, as an obstacle to its progress. But when that was done, the same faithfulness to the cause which has, on former occasions, met and removed obstacles of far greater weight and consequence than he, commanded a renewal of a painful duty, and was obeyed.

Need we stop to notice, after this statement, the loud and angry declaration of Mr. Douglass that he has become the object of the 'hatred' of his associates, because he has ventured to differ from them in the interpretation of the Constitution? The careful reader will observe, that in this very article he shows that the avowal of that change of opinion on his part was made nearly three years ago; but the "savage attack" upon him of the "conspirators" was only made within a little more than as many months. Can it be necessary to add another word?

And here we drop the whole subject. We shall not stoop to bandy epithets, or to reply to personalities, or notice insinuations which disgrace rather him who makes them than him against whom they are made. We even grudge thus much space, to make clear a point that ought not to need a word of explanation. But lest there should be among our readers one person in doubt as to the real question at issue, and which Mr. Douglass has striven to hide under so many words, it was proper to show, as we have endeavoured to do, how simple a matter was here really in discussion between us, and how unmistakable and clear a duty it devolved upon the friends of the American Society.

☞ We acknowledge that an apology is due our readers for devoting so large a space of this week's *Standard* to the article of 'enormous length' from *Frederick Douglass's Paper*, but most especially is one due to the *Liberator* and *Freeman* that we copy this attack upon them although not a *single article* of theirs in this controversy has ever appeared in our columns. "Each copy all and all copy each," says Mr. Douglass, and the charge is quite as true as that of a 'conspiracy' between the three papers. We have never copied from either paper, and, with the single exception of one article, we believe neither has ever copied from us, or from each other. If the game were worth the candle, we could show that other of Mr. Douglass's assertions are of as much value as that here disproved.

We shall, however, now copy, in justice to Mr. Garrison, brief portions of his article in the last *Liberator* in reply to Mr. Douglass. They refer to the unworthy use which, it will be seen, Mr. Douglass makes of a remark of Mr. Garrison's in relation to the coloured people, and to the allusion he had made to the bad adviser to whom is to be attributed in a great measure Mr. Douglass's alienation from his old friends. They are as follows:

> Jaundiced in vision, and inflamed with passion, he affects to regard us as the "disparager" (!) of the coloured race, and artfully endeavours to excite their jealousy and opposition by utterly perverting the meaning of our language. We said, that "the Anti-Slavery cause, both religiously and politically, has transcended the ability of the sufferers from American Slavery and prejudice, *as a class*, to keep pace with it, or to perceive what are its demands, or to understand the philosophy of its operations"—meaning by this, that the cause required religious and political sacrifices, which, "as a class," they do not yet see, or, seeing, are not yet prepared to make, even though they are the victims to be delivered—and also meaning that what was at first supposed to be local, is now seen to have a world-wide hearing, and must be advocated upon world-wide principles, irrespective of complexional differences. There is nothing really or intentionally invidious in a statement like this: and yet, how does Mr Douglass treat it? "The coloured men," he says, "ought to feel profoundly grateful for this magnificent compliment to their high moral worth and breadth of comprehension, so generously bestowed by William Lloyd Garrison! Who will doubt, hereafter, the *natural* inferiority of the negro, when the great champion of the negroes' rights *thus broadly concedes all that is claimed respecting the negro's inferiority by the bitterest despisers of the negro race*"!!! Now, if this were blundering stupidity, it might readily be pardoned; but it is unmitigated baseness, and therefore inexcusable.
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> A word in regard to our allusion to a bad adviser in Mr. D.'s printing-office, whom we accused of exerting a pernicious influence upon his mind and judgment, and "causing much unhappiness in his own household." That last allusion was not meant unkindly, nor intended to imply anything immoral; but, though it is strictly true, and we could bring a score of unimpeachable witnesses in Rochester to prove it, we regret it was made, as it had no relevancy. Our only object in referring to that nameless "adviser" was to indicate to such individuals as our Chicago correspondent that there had been secret causes at work to alienate Mr. Douglass from his old associates, and we felt bound to throw out the intimation as a clue to much that would be otherwise inexplicable to those not familiar with the facts in the case. Mr. D. says—"I am profoundly grateful for the eminent services of that 'adviser,' in *opening my eyes (!)* to many things connected with my Anti-Slavery relations, to which I had before been partially blind." That tells the whole story, and is all we care to extort. In what condition his vision now is—and whether, in slumbering in the lap of a prejudiced, sectarian Delilah, he has not at last enabled the pro-slavery Philistines to ascertain the secret of his strength, cut off his locks, and rejoice over his downfall—we leave our readers and the uncompromising friends of the Anti-Slavery cause to judge.

In justice to Mr. Nell, we make an extract also from a letter of his, in the last *Liberator*, in reply to Mr. Douglass's contemptuous allusion to him:

> The last number of *Frederick Douglass's Paper* contains some editorial references to myself.
>
> 1st. "Mr. Nell (who) goes *grumbling* about in private that he ought to have been successor in the Anti-Slavery office in Boston to Henry W. Williams, and complained that he, a coloured man, was pushed out of employment to make way for Mr. Wallcut," &c. &c.
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> To be brief. This version of the matter is a false one, as my friends can bear testimony.
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> As to his second charge, that the printed copy of my speech at the Boston meeting "was essentially different from that made on the occasion," it would be an easy matter to prove it to be also false; but though much remains unsaid, I shall content myself with this denial.
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> These wrongs should be righted where perpetrated, in the columns of *Frederick Douglass's Paper*; but as its Editor has ignored all candour and magnanimity towards me, the prospect of any change in that respect is a hopeless one.

Daily National Era.—Dr. Bailey proposes to issue the *National Era* daily for eight months, as an experiment, to commence on Monday, Jan. 2, and, should, the result warrant, to continue it permanently. The terms for the eight months will be $5. Mr. Chase and Mr. Sumner of the Senate, and Messrs. Giddings, Wade and De Witt of the House, have issued a circular commending the enterprise to the patronage of the friends of freedom. The establishment at the seat of Government of a daily Anti-Slavery journal, even though its views may be far less thorough than we could wish, will be an indication of the progress of the cause.

MR. PALFREY'S LECTURE.

The Second Lecture in the Course of the New York Anti Slavery Society was delivered on Tuesday evening last by Hon. John Gorham Palfrey, of Massachusetts. It was listened to by a large and highly intelligent assembly, among whom we noticed some of the eminent men of New York, Judges, Clergymen, &c., who were attracted doubtless in part by the reputation of the speaker and in part by the interest of the subject. Mr. Palfrey's theme was, *The Political Usurpations of the Slave Power.* The lecture evinced a thorough acquaintance with the subject, a clear apprehension of the manifold evils of Slavery, and a fixed and unalterable purpose to wage against it a war of extermination. Upon the duty and importance of moral agitation, as the chief instrumentality by which the system is to be overthrown, he spoke with an emphasis that corresponded entirely with the convictions that we have so often and so earnestly expressed. The lecture contained some very happy hits on men and parties, and abounded in noble sentiments, vigorously as well as felicitously expressed.

The next lecture will be delivered by Hon. Joshua R. Giddings. Subject—The Exiles of Georgia.

On the Wrong Track.—Not many days since, the people of Norfolk, Va., were thrown into a state of terrible excitement by the news of the escape from that place of seven "chattels personal," who, tired of the luxuries of bondage in the Old Dominion, were supposed to have migrated northward. Somebody ventured to suspect that they went off in the California steamer, Star of the West, bound for New York, and forthwith the Norfolk papers flamed with indignation at the supposed outrage, the "daring violation of law," "secret agents," &c., &c., and uttered terrible threats of what should be done if their suspicions should prove to be well-founded. The Mayor invoked the aid of the lightning to convey a message to the agent of the steamer in New York, instructing him to board the vessel in advance of its arrival and to seize the fugitives if they could be found. The agent, whose name is Morgan, relieved the anxiety of the Norfolk people by the prompt assurance that he would obey the mandate of their Mayor "with alacrity." Officer Caphart, the woman-whipper of Norfolk (the scoundrel whose agency in the Shadrach case, at Boston, will be remembered by our readers), was forthwith dispatched to New York, with instructions to see the business done up according to rule and to save the Union once more with a great salvation! Well, it seems that the Star of the West was boarded "eight miles below New York," but after the most diligent search the fugitives were not found! Caphart went back to Norfolk in a state of fearful disappointment, and the patriotic people of that place are now seeking consolation in the *suspicion* that the fugitives "got off in some coasting craft bound for the North." Query: Since the slaves are so exceedingly happy and contented in bondage, why does it not occur to the people of Norfolk that those negroes *may* have gone South in order to insure a larger measure of the blessings and delights of Slavery? Why don't they send Caphart to search for them in the swamps of Arkansas?

Speech of Gerrit Smith.—The voice of Gerrit Smith has been heard on the floor of Congress. He spoke for nearly an hour, on Tuesday last, taking for his text the conduct of the Administration in the matter of Martin Koszta. As we shall, doubtless, receive a full report of the speech within a few days, we do not care to occupy any part of the small space at our command this week with the telegraphic sketch, which can do no sort of justice to an effort that commanded the fixed attention of the House.

Mr. Preston, of Ky., replied to Mr. Smith, advocating Slavery as a humane, politic and Christian institution, though intimating that God might at some time in the indefinite future, and by some mysterious means, abolish it. A dispatch to the *Tribune* says:

> The speech of Gerrit Smith was eloquent and impressive. He was interrupted once, but the Chairman, Mr. Orr, directed Mr. Smith to proceed. He spoke nearly an hour and the members were attentive. He fully sustained his reputation. The reply of Preston was respectful.

Another dispatch to the same paper says:

> Gerrit Smith's speech, one says, was grand, imposing, brilliant; another that it was able, dignified, and clothed with rich eloquence and solemnity of manner which impressed the House; another that it was eloquent but unargumentative, captivating but unsound; another, that his voice was good, manner graceful, and winning, but in ability was not equal to expectations. Smith's onslaught upon the Administration was rather gratifying to the "Union Democrats," but grieves the "Hards" Preston's reply is generally pronounced able, felicitous and telling. His bearing was lofty and genteel Profound attention was paid to both speakers.

GEORGE THOMPSON IN THE FIELD.

In a letter just received from this eloquent friend of the Anti-Slavery cause, dated at Manchester, he says,

"Well, I am again in the Anti-Slavery harness. I have attended a great Anti-Slavery meeting here, to inaugurate *the Manchester Anti-Slavery Union;* have talked two hours to an Anti-Slavery Tea Party; am announced for Anti-Slavery meetings throughout this County (Lancashire), and have just had the Friends' meeting-house here, the largest in the kingdom, placed at my disposal for a course of lectures. After my campaign in the North of England, I shall visit Scotland, and seek to revive the slumbering spirit of that kingdom, once a very favourite field of mine. God grant me strength and ability to render some service to the cause in which you and my other dear friends in the United States are labouring. You shall be kept advised of my doings. If you would accept a letter from me now and then, upon the progress of the Movement on this side, I would try to send you something.

"In my forthcoming address, I shall talk a good deal about the development of the agricultural riches of British India, as *one* of the means of reaching the Slavery of the United States. This is a phase of the question which has peculiar attractions for the people of this District. We have in England many British India Reformers who, however, care but little for the Anti-Slavery bearings of the subject. We have at the same time an Anti-Slavery party, who would not do much for India if they could not at the same time gratify their Abolition feelings. My object will be to enlist *both* these parties.

"I shall live and labour in the hope of some day standing shoulder to shoulder with you once more on the shores of America. In the meantime I will see what I can do to help you here."

We are exceedingly gratified by the information conveyed in this letter; and we know that the Abolitionists on this side of the water will also be glad to learn that the great abilities of Mr. Thompson as a lecturer are to be exerted in behalf of the Anti-Slavery cause. He may rest assured that letters from him to the *Standard*, conveying intelligence of his movements and of the action of the Anti-Slavery party generally in Great Britain, will at any time be more than welcome. We also live and labour in the hope that he may some day stand once more on the shores of the New World, shoulder to shoulder with his American friends, sharing with them the perils and the pleasures of the great conflict with Despotism and Slavery.

Rev. John Pierpont will, on Monday evening next, in the Tabernacle, deliver his new Poem-Lecture —The Golden Calf, his worshippers and their sacrifices. The Hutchinson Family will be present on the occasion and sing some of their popular songs. We need not assure our readers that they will miss a rare treat if they stay away.

The Huthinson Family gave the first of a new series of concerts at the Tabernacle on Thursday evening last. It was their one-hundredth appearance in that house! They will sing at the same place as follows:

101st Night, Wednesday Evening, Jan 4th.
102d " " " " 11th.
103d " " " " 18th.

We hope they may have full houses.

TEMPERANCE.

The Temperance (Maine Law) party in Rhode Island, having been cheated heretofore by the managers of the old parties, have entered the field, ahead of those parties, with a clean ticket of their own for State officers, as follows: For Governor, Wm. W. Hoppin, of Providence; for Lieutenant Governor, Schuyler Fisher, of Exeter; for Secretary of State, Samuel S. Mallory, of Smithfield; for Attorney-General, Jno. P. Knowles, of Providence; for General Treasurer, Benj Mumford, of Newport. The Whig and Democratic wire pullers are not a little disconcerted by this movement.

——The Grand Jury of Allegheny County, Pa., at their recent session, respectfully set forth "that for the last five years we have been engaged in the capacity of the grand inquest, sitting in and for the County of Allegheny; that during that time we found upward of one hundred and fifty true bills of indictment, and at the very lowest calculation four-fifths of this number are the results, either directly or indirectly, of the use of intoxicating liquors, thereby creating an enormous expense to be paid out of the public treasury, which must be replenished by imposing additional taxation upon the industrious portion of the community, and at the same time this unholy traffic is producing poverty, wretchedness, crime and degradation that has a most ruinous and unhappy effect upon the public welfare."

——The Indiana *Free Democrat*, of the 1st inst., says:

> We understand the Supreme Court of this State, now in session, in this city, made a decision, on Tuesday last, declaring the present liquor law of this State unconstitutional, on the ground of its being an act of special legislation. The effect of this decision, we presume, will be to cause all fines heretofore imposed for the violations of the present law to be remitted, and it allows anybody and everybody to engage in selling liquor, in future, without let or hindrance. This decision may be sound law, but the heart stands appalled in contemplation of the flood of intemperance that is to be let loose upon our State for the next year, by its operation. The result of this law shows the folly and uselessness of half-way legislation; and we hope the people may be aroused, in view of its impotency, to go in for something stronger and more efficient, that shall extirpate the infernal traffic, root and branch. We want the Maine law, and we are very much mistaken if this is not to be the leading issue of our next State election. Things have been tending that way for some time past; and this decision will, no doubt, hasten that "consummation so devoutly to be wished." Let the friends of temperance gird on the armour for the fight.

POLITICS.

'Hangman Foote,' having broken down in the Union-saving business, has retired to private life, leaving behind him a touching farewell address to the people of Mississippi! This sort of repudiation is a great improvement on that which the Mississippians have practiced hitherto.

——It is said by the "knowing ones" at Washington that some of the President's nominations will be vetoed by the Senate—among them that of Collector of this port. The bitterness of the *Union* newspaper toward some of the Senators who prevented the election of its editor as printer of the body (electing in his stead Beverly Tucker, a Virginia 'Hard') has exasperated them.

——The Free Democratic party in Connecticut recently held their State Convention, at Hartford, and nominated the following candidates for State offices: For Governor, John Hooker, Hartford; Lieutenant Governor, Wm. Alexander, Killingly; Secretary of State, David Lyman, Middletown; Treasurer, Amos Townsend, Jr., New Haven; Controller, Rollin R. Beecher, Winstead. The Hartford *Republican* states that the ticket is regarded "as one of the strongest that could have been nominated." Ichabod Codding (whose connection with the cause from 1835 to 1840 will be remembered by many) has been employed to lecture in the State during the winter. In the times of New Organization he was prominent among those who set up the cry of "women's rights" to break down the old Anti-Slavery Societies We learn that his views in respect to the matters then in controversy are entirely changed, and we hope he may give evidence that the transformation is genuine by doing justice to that noble woman, Abby Kelly Foster, in respect to whom he once used language unbecoming a gentleman and a Christian—language which had the effect to stir up against her all the elements of mobocracy in a public assembly, and to deepen the hostility of those who were seeking to drive her from the lecturing field. Mr. C. is an able lecturer, and we make this allusion to the past, not to impair his usefulness, but in the hope that he may embrace the first opportunity to make the *amende honourable* to the woman whose feelings he so deeply wounded.

——The Free-Soilers of Vermont are involved in a quarrel which bids fair to result in a permanent division of the party. The quarrel grew out of the efforts made to elect a U. S. Senator at the last session of the Legislature. The Free Soilers held the balance of power, and both the old parties made overtures to them for aid in electing their respective candidates for Governor, upon the condition, express or implied, that a Free Soil U. S. Senator should be chosen. Most of the Free Soil leaders favoured a coalition with the Old Line Democracy, and they carried with them a majority of the party in the Legislature. The Hunker candidate for Governor was elected by Free Soil votes; but when the time came for electing a Senator, the pro-slavery Democrats refused to reciprocate the favour of the Free Democracy. Ballot after ballot was had, but the Legislature adjourned without making an election. A portion of the Free Soilers were, from the first, in favour of a coalition with the Whigs, believing that the chance of securing a Free Soil Senator was better on that side than on the other; and when the coalition with the Democrats broke down, this portion of the party charged some of the leaders with betraying its interests for the promotion of their own private ends. The consequence is a feud which is not likely to be soon hushed. In Orange County, the Free Soilers, in open Convention, resolved that those who by their votes ejected John S. Robinson Governor, and Jefferson P. Kidder Lieut. Governor, of Vermont, should be held in utter detestation by all true friends of freedom. In Washington County, they declared that those members of the Legislature who had given their support to a pro-Slavery and drunken party were traitors, and could not be safely allowed on board the ship Freedom. A new paper, representing the opinions of this portion of the party, and called the *Liberty Standard*, has been started at the Capital.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

Rev. W. H. Channing has gone to Washington to preach four Sabbaths in the Unitarian Church. The *Christian Inquirer* says: "The peculiar views of Mr. Channing are well understood by the members of the Unitarian Society at Washington, and, in inviting him to preach to them, entire freedom has been especially granted to speak on subjects sometimes proscribed in the pulpit, This invitation to Mr. Channing is full of significance. It is one of the signs of the times. The Society at Washington will now have an opportunity of hearing an able, earnest and sincere Christian reformer."

——The *Rhode Island Freeman* states that the Rev. Mr. Hedge, Unitarian minister, of Providence, recently preached a discourse, in which he took strong ground against all reforms and reformers that do not live and move and have their being in the Church! Mr. Hedge has never, we believe, taken any active part either in Temperance or Anti-Slavery. The position of his own Church, on these and similar questions, is not, according to the *Freeman*, such as is calculated to convince reformers of the soundness of his views. We are glad that Mr. Hedge has spoken what was in his heart. These are times that put all men, clergymen as well as others, to severe tests.

——Mr. Soulé, American Minister at Madrid, is regarded as the representative, *par excellence*, of the Fillibusters, sometimes called "Young America." He took with him a son, who, if accounts are true, is a genuine "chip of the old block." The youngster, as the story goes, was walking lately with a Mrs. Perry through the saloons of the French ambassador at Madrid, when he chanced to overhear a Spanish Duke make some contemptuous comment on the style of the lady's dress. Young Mr. Soulé turned round on the Duke of Alba, and "clinched" the nobleman in a manner that would have delighted the heart of Yankee Sullivan, or any of the "fancy." With some trouble the parties were separated, but the junior Mr. Soulé sent a challenge to the Duke, to which, by last advices, that pacific hidalgo had returned no answer.

——The moral power of the Anti-Slavery movement is seen in the efforts recently made in some quarters, by slaveholders, to mitigate some of the harsher features of Slavery. For example, the following bill, in relation to the sale and division of slave mothers from their children, is now before the Legislature of Georgia

> Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Georgia, in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, that the children not exceeding five years of age, of any woman slave, and such woman slave, shall not be separately sold, or exposed to sale under execution or other legal process, order or decree, or at any sale made by an executor, administrator, guardian or other trustee, but shall be placed together, in one of the parts into which the estate to which they belong is to be divided, unless such division cannot in any wise be effected without such separation.
>
> Sec. 2. And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, that by consent of the ordinary, slaves, living in a different county from a deceased owner, may be sold in the county in which said slaves may reside, upon application being made for such purpose.
>
> Sec 3 And be it further enacted, that all laws and parts of laws militating against this act, be and the same are hereby repealed.

——The London Evangelical Alliance are talking of sending a deputation to visit the Christian (!) slaveholders of the United States. The *Wesleyan* comments as follows:

> A singular mission indeed. The search for Sir John Franklin is more promising of success. For there is but one Sir John, and he can be easily identified. But here there are so many claiming to be of that stamp, and their marks so dubious that our British friends would have a job more delicate and difficult than the awarding of prizes at the world's fair.
>
> However, let them come. Their notions of Christianity will become wonderfully expanded here, or else their opinions of the congruity of Slavery with Christianity will be much rectified and purified too. Their visit will moreover demonstrate one of two things. Either that actual contact with Slavery is too powerful for British Anti-Slavery, or that an evangelical alliance between the two countries can never be maintained with the national or popular and widely extended churches of this Slavery-cursed land.
>
> If it should result in keeping in communion the reformatory Christians of both lands, we would be specially rejoiced. But the day has not yet dawned that is to witness that union. Nor are the delegates of an alliance of the aristocratic churches of Britain the men for that task. Their coming and progress, however, are matters of considerable importance.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Happy Nights at Hazel Nook; or Cottage Stories. By Harriet Farley. Boston: Dayton & Wentworth. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. pp. 256.

Good books for children are treasures at any time, and especially at this season, when parents and others are in search of them for presents. To write such books requires an order of talent that is all too rare, or, at least, that is too rarely devoted to that department of literary labour. There is, to be sure, no lack of juvenile books, but too many of them are lacking in some of the high qualities which should enter into such compositions. A hasty glance at the pages of Miss Farley has convinced us that the high encomiums passed upon her book by persons in whose judgment we are accustomed to confide have done it no more than simple justice. Here are stories of German Life, Floral Allegories, Oriental Tales, New England Superstitions, Highland Legends, &c., with pretty pictures to match. One who can write books as good as this ought to find ample employment and remuneration.

DOMESTIC CORRESPONDENCE.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CXXXVII.

The Argument.—*The Correspondent explaineth his silence—Where he went and why—His opinions on brass—How he was evilly entreated by the Corresponding Editor—He compareth himself favourably with Miss Bremer—Of his visit to New York—He exalteth the Crystal Palace—He describeth the visit of the Ragged Schools—He compareth their estate with that of the Slaves—He findeth that he preacheth and suddenly desisteth—He rejoiceth in the justice done by Miss Bremer to the Corresponding Editor—That person's opinion of her powers as a Writer of Fiction—Truth stranger than Fiction—The City Election—The Maine Law in a Law-abiding City—The Aldermanic Consuls—The Bazaar and its Prospects—The Correspondent speculateth as to the dispositions of the Clerk of the Weather—And concludeth—&c. &c. &c.*

Boston, Dec. 20, 1853.

It is three or four weeks since I last communicated with your readers. My only excuse for this neglect of their improvement is that I went on to the Decade Meeting at Philadelphia, chiefly with an eye to the edification which I could draw therefrom for their gratification. I had made copious notes of various matters of importance to be put upon permanent record —to be engraved upon brass (of which material our enemies affirm we are never likely to fall short), and so upon your pages, which are *ære perennius*, more enduring even than the brass of which they are the tablets. But, to my utter astonishment and confusion, I found that your Corresponding Editor (who was of the party) had been beforehand with me, and had worked up into an editorial the very materials which I had destined for an Epistle This liberty, another added to the multitude for which, as you know, I have to thank that officious individual, completely put me into the vocative case, and so compelled me to do what Mr. Jedediah Cleeshotham declareth to be an absurdity in Grammar, viz., to decline the article, on the subsequent week. For, as I do not possess the easy assurance of Miss Bremer, which would enable me to fill up my allowance of your space with sketches of the kind friends who entertained me in their homes in the City of Brotherly Love, I really had nothing to say that had not been forestalled as aforesaid. And though I spent nearly a week in your Babylon on my return, my adventures there were chiefly of a private character, and, though edifying and profitable, were not of a nature to be put upon the page of History.

I spent the chief of every day, to be sure, at the Crystal Palace and had daily increasing satisfaction from my visits. It is, certainly, a splendid Museum of specimens of human skill from the humblest kitchen utensil to the highest works of art. All who have not visited it, and can, should make their winter and spring arrangements with an eye to this beautiful Repository of beautiful and useful things. The crowd, especially on Saturday, which is a half-price day, was a good thing to see. From the Gallery, particularly after the gas is lighted, the moving panorama of humanity is as well worth seeing as anything they came to look at. I happened to be there on a day when the children of the Five Points Ragged Schools came to see the Show. And they were, surely, the most interesting sight in it. All decently clothed and perfectly well-behaved, entirely obedient to their teachers, appearing to be as intelligent and orderly as the children of any average public school, and yet all of them just rescued from the very lowest abyss of poverty and wretchedness. I could not help thinking, as I saw them, of the gulf which separates the most wretched of the white poor from the best-off of the Slaves. It is likely that these poor children had suffered as great, probably greater, sufferings from cold and hunger than any of the slaves, but yet there was a way of escape for them. A friendly hand could be stretched out to lift them out of their degradation and to put them in the way to acquire knowledge, wealth, power, all the objects of human desire, if they had the necessary ability. Whereas the Slave is held down by chains in the brutish condition in which he was born, and, though gifted with the genius of Milton or Newton, condemned to be mute and inglorious all his days, on the soil upon which he was born. The "white slaves" had not to escape to another country, at the risk of being retaken under the Compromises of the Constitution and upon the Baltimore Platform, in order to have a chance to improve their condition. Bad as their first estate was, and resulting as it did from bad laws and evil institutions and customs, still, the whole civil polity of the State in which they lived was not contrived with a devilish ingenuity to keep them ignorant, poor and wretched. But, bless my soul, I believe I'm going to preach!

By the way, speaking of Miss Bremer and your Corresponding Editor, I am happy to say that she administers some portion of the justice due to that individual in the account she gives of a speech he made, one night, in Faneuil Hall. I was present at the time, and, though unfortunate enough to have a very bad memory which remembers everything (as I believe I have said formerly), I have not the slightest recollection of the circumstances which she details and the sayings which she records. Your *Collaborateur* himself affirms (as I have heard say) that, if the passage in question is a fair specimen of her book in general, it must be the most successful Work of Fiction she ever attempted. Indeed, he declares that there is but one true thing in the whole statement, as far as it relates to him, and that is where she describes him as "*a young man.*" Nobody, I apprehend, will gainsay *that.*

On my return to this City, I found it torn with contending factions, as to who was to be the Head of its affairs for the next year. Mr. Seaver, the present Mayor, was the Candidate of the Whigs, and also of the Anti-Liquor Law men. This plaguy law has been a thorn in the sides of our Whig friends. It having been demonstrated by the late Marshal Tukey that Boston is a Law-abiding City, and the proposition having been strengthened by the Chain he put round the Court-house, indorsed by Fifteen Hundred volunteering merchants, confirmed by the assent bowed by the Supreme Bench to the Marshal's Chain of Reasoning, and crowned by the flogging (I mean "the usual correction") bestowed upon Tom Sims, in the jail at Savannah, for his attempt to shake the foundations of our Glorious Union—I say, Boston having been thus proved to be a Law-abiding City, it seemed rather hard that a Law of the State could not be carried into effect. Of course, to execute the Anti-Liquor Law is "an Unpleasant Duty." So it was to execute the Fugitive Slave Law. And yet a force could be found sufficient to catch and hold that arch-traitor Tom Sims, as aforesaid, and this although it was necessary to break the laws of the State and the By-laws of the City, in order to abide by the laws of the United States. Strange as it may appear, the same zeal was not put forth in behalf of the Maine Law, after it had been enacted, that had been crowned by such glorious success in the matter of Sims. Such is the vast practical difference between Rum and Niggers. Still, there were people enough to make a demonstration against the City Government, and Mr. Seaver was defeated by near two thousand votes. This is rather a drawback upon the satisfactions of our dear friends the Whigs, who are just about entering into their political vineyard, or rather securing the foothold they had accidentally got there, last year. Only two Aldermen were elected, so that, should there be no further elections, we shall be governed, as old Rome was, by two magistrates. And as one is a Whig and one a Democrat, we may be the victims of a fearful anarchy. I will keep you advised of the progress of this momentous passage of history.

I have just come from the Horticultural Hall, which is getting in readiness for the Anti-Slavery Bazaar, which opens to-morrow. From the glance at the contents of the foreign boxes which I got, as they were opened, I should judge that the Bazaar will be as fine a one as has ever been held here. The Managers are in good spirits, and warmly hope for a more successful result even than usual. I trust that the weather will continue to conduct itself as well as it has done for some three or four weeks past. But this is rather too much to expect, as, I am sorry to say, the Clerk of the Weather has shown himself in past years either positively pro-slavery or, at least, opposed on principle to this mode of raising money for the Cause. Still, we will hope that he may have been modified in his opinions by the Change which has been going on around him, or, at any rate, discouraged from farther opposition in this kind by the slight injury which his ill-conditions have done us, heretofore. On this point, as on the last, I will report further in my next Letter.—d. y.

SUMMARY.

A number of free persons from the interior of this State, arrived in this city a day or two since, on their way to Liberia. We understand that several applications have been made within a few days to the officers of the Missouri Colonization Society, for aid in being transported to the Colony of Liberia.—*St. Louis Republican, 28th ult.*

An Intense Native American.—The most decided case of Nativeism we have recently known, is that of a person who was asked to attend the Pilgrim Ball at Plymouth, on the 22d instant. He replied that "he was not going forty miles to attend a celebration in honour of the arrival of a parcel of foreigners."

A Preventive of Yellow Fever.—A correspondent of the *Freeman's* (Catholic) *Journal*, writing from Mobile, alluding to the yellow fever, says: "An involuntary shadow came over me, *but I remembered a miraculous medal about me*, that I had worn through many long years, and in many hours of danger and darkness. The dread, therefore, was but momentary."

Minesota Weather.—Winter, after a few days tussle with "Indian Summer," has at last conquered and now "reigns monarch of all he surveys." To-day (Wednesday, November 30) the ground is covered with a slight fall of snow, and the air is keen and biting. There is considerable ice in the river, and we think we can safely say that navigation is closed.—*St. Paul Pioneer.*

Sentence for Having Three Wives.—In the Municipal Court this morning, Isaac Holland, coloured barber, on the charge of having three wives, was sentenced to nine months in the House of Correction. One of the wives of Holland is in Philadelphia with two or three of their children. The last wife was a white Irish woman.—*Boston Traveller, Dec. 15.*

A Ladies Paper.—The first number of a new paper, edited by Ella Wentworth, has been published in Cincinnati. It is to be under the exclusive control of females. An office is to be opened, furnished with carpet, piano, a library, &c., for the benefit of the operatives during their intervals of rest. All the composing work is to be done by females, who will labour eight hours each day, and receive one dollar a day for their services.

Runaway Negroes.—Eleven negroes, six belonging to Albert G. Johnson, one to John T. Reed, one to Rufus Mathews, one to J. K. Taylor, one to Caleb Taylor, and one to Mrs. Hopkins, all of Marion County, made their escape on Saturday evening last, in one party. They crossed the river at Quincy, at twelve o'clock, and reached Mendon, twelve miles distant, before morning—of course assisted by the Abolitionists in all their movements.—*St. Louis Rep. 7th inst.*

New Jersey Franklinite.—A test recently made of the strength of this remarkable Iron, by Alger, of Boston, showed it capable of bearing about 60,000 lbs. weight to nine-sixteenths of an inch of the iron. At this rate it would bear over 200,000 lbs. to the inch. Reduced to its greatest possible tensity, which would be the just mode of testing its extreme strength it would probably bear 250,000 to the inch. There is no other iron in the world that comes near this in strength.

The slave Lewis, who left the Commissioner's Court at Cincinnati so unceremoniously, was hid in the basement of a Church in that city for four days, and afterwards dressed in female apparel, and taken into the country, by a Presbyterian clergyman and his wife, in a private carriage. After being secreted for some weeks longer, he had some chemical preparations applied to his face, which entirely concealed the true colour, and in this way was safely forwarded over the underground road.

Fatal Railroad Accident.—A railroad accident of a peculiarly painful nature happened at Whitehall on the 3d inst. As the train was crossing the bridge near that village, the engine and tender were thrown off, from some cause, and the legs of the engineer caught between the two in such a way that he could not be extricated. The fire from the engine was scattered over him, and in his agony he begged for some one to kill him. No one being willing to relieve him in that way, and every other attempt to release him having failed, he took a knife and cut off his own leg at the knee joint. The terrible operation was too severe to be endured, and he died in about ten minutes.—*Brattleboro' (Vt.) Eagle.*

Death of Slaves by Cholera in Cuba.—The loss of the "slaves" to the estates by cholera, has been most disastrous. Some estates, I learn, have lost more than three-fourths of their people; and very many more than half. This shocking event will, however, but afford an additional spur to the cupidity of the wretches who trade in human flesh—will but serve to render the "horrors" of the "middle passage" more dreadful. I have it from good authority, that no less than twenty cargoes of Africans are expected shortly to arrive in this Island; and mark me, nineteen out of those twenty cargoes will be landed, despite the *vigilance* of the British cruisers by which this Island is said to be surrounded.—*Cor. Times.*

An Accession to the Literature of Buenos Ayres.—And what may it be, in that far-away city of the great peninsula, where the publishing of a book is no every day affair? What, indeed, but a volume in Spanish, entitled, "*Cabana de Tio Tom*"—"Uncle Tom's Cabin." And verily it is there, as, says a correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce*, while in Rio Janeiro—where Slavery is of so dark a character that that existing in the United States is freedom itself in comparison—the book has been suppressed by the police; the very means to work an interest and desire for it in that city also.

Look out for Kidnappers.—Detroit, Michigan, is getting to be a complete slave-hunting ground for southern slaveholders. On last Thursday they entered one of the principal Hotels in Detroit with a warrant to arrest a fugitive who got news before they entered and gave them leg bail for security by leaping out at a back window and crossed over into Canada, upon which soil no slave can breathe. It has been ascertained by our brethren in Detroit that there is a traitor among them who pointed the slavehunters to the whereabouts of this men. So this supposed traitor was most unmercifully lynched the other night by a party, but no one can tell who it was that lynched him. We advise all of our brethren who are exposed to the vengeance of that kidnapping law to come to Canada forthwith, and keep away from Detroit.—*Voice of the Fugitive.*

Population of Utah Territory.—From the minutes of the Mormon General Conference, which was held in Great Salt Lake City on the 6th of October last, we learn the entire population of Utah territory numbers 18,206, being an increase of 6,851 since the Census of 1850. The population is thus divided: saints, 8,639; elders, 689; high priests, 560; seventies, 1,572; children, 5,207. In addition to these, there are 9 apostles, all located in Great Salt Lake City, 55 bishops, 254 priests, 95 deacons, and 208 teachers. During the year subsequent to the 6th of October, 1852, 18 of the saints had been excommunicated. One hundred and thirty-nine of the Mormon priests and elders are on missionary expeditions in other parts and in foreign countries.

A Bloody Riot took place among the labourers on the Central Railroad, at Lasalle, on the 15th instant, growing out of a reduction of their wages. About 2 o'clock an altercation arose between Albert Story, and a party of Irishmen, during which one of the latter was shot dead. Shortly afterwards Story's office was attacked and pillaged, and Story, who had concealed himself in a barn, was found, and brutally murdered, his head and body being horribly mangled. Mrs. Story was also fired at, but escaped.

It is reported that Mr. Story's foreman on the other side o the river, has shot nine labourers.

The Sheriff of Lasalle County was speedily on the spot, and after some resistance, during which an Irishman was shot dead, and two wounded, thirty of the rioters were taken. The ringleader of the rioters escaped, but measures have been taken for his apprehension.

A Proof of the Brutalizing Influence of Slavery.—We are compelled to chronicle the circumstance of a very disgraceful, yet sad scene, that occurred in one of the principal streets of our town, on last Saturday night. A negro man, the property of Mr. John Ash, in passing down street, on his return home, was violently assaulted by several young men, residents of our place, with stones and other implements of mischief. After being pursued some distance, without making any defence, the black man, driven to desperation from the repeated injuries he had received, suddenly halted, and picking up a stone, threw it at one of his assailants with such force as to cause death in a few minutes.

So has ended the mortal career of John Winter Bowers, who has been reared in our midst—and has had the advantage of good moral instruction—the example of kind and pious relations and friends, but unfortunately for the baneful influences of vicious [*institutions*] associations, he has been hurried to his long home.—*Williamsport Banner.*

Territorial Extent of the United States.—According to the statement given in the Census Report for 1850, the territory of the United States is 3,230,572 square miles.

Mr. De Bow remarks upon the foregoing table, that "the territorial extent of the Republic is nearly ten times as large as that of Great Britain and France combined; three times as large as France, Great Britain, Austria, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Holland, and Denmark together; one and one-half times as large as the Russian Empire in Europe; one-sixth less than the area covered by the fifty-nine or sixty Empires, States, and Republics of Europe; of equal extent with the Roman Empire, or that of Alexander, neither of which is said to have exceeded 3,000,000 square miles.

The area of all the States of Europe is given as 3,684,832 square miles. The areas of the different countries on this continent are given as follows: United States, by detailed estimate, 3,306,865 square miles; British America, 3,050,398; Mexican, 1,008,831; Central America, 203,551; Russian America, 304,000; Danish America (Greenland), 380,000. Total area of North America, 8,373,648.

Uncle Tom Defended in Kentucky.—The following from the Newport (Ky.) *News* would seem to indicate that the drama of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is destined to work its way quite successfully Southward, in the wake of Mrs. Stowe's book:

> "No drama was ever performed in Cincinnati which created so much talk in every circle, as this of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' It was put on the stage under no very favourable circumstances, yet with the appurtenances sufficiently perfect to serve a clever purpose. The main attraction is in the speeches of the characters, and particularly in Eva. The little girl personating that character is not six years of age, and yet so correctly performs the part, that the audience is completely surprised and astonished. She receives the most rapturous applause, while exciting the purest emotions of the human heart. This drama is calculated to do a great moral work; and as it contains nothing offensive to the most refined ear, we suppose that the audience will continue to be, as they have thus far been, made up from the refined circles. No hard hearted sinner will find in it anything harmonious with his tastes, and such auditors we expect seldom to find at the Melodeon."

A New Striped Pig.—The following description of a new "striped pig" arrangement is given by the Detroit *Tribune*. It shows the shifts to which the rumsellers of Michigan are driven by the Prohibitory law now working so well, generally, in that State:

> "A party of three young men went from this city for a ride into the country a few days since. They stopped at a hotel in Dearborn, and asked for a little of the 'critter.' The landlord told them that he did not sell liquor, as the Maine Law was in force. 'But,' he continued, glancing at the crowd in the bar-room, and speaking in a low tone, 'I have got some *crackers* in the other room; and if you walk in I will sell you some.' Whereupon our heroes followed boniface into the next room, and saw him open a cupboard, where, indeed, could be seen a large pile of crackers, but they were well flanked by 'Old Madeira,' 'Jamaica,' 'Holland,' and 'Corning's Rectified.'
>
> "'There,' said the obliging host, 'help yourselves to all the crackers you want.' 'But,' and his eye twinkled with meaning, '*don't touch the liquor.*'
>
> "Then going out, he left them 'alone in their glory.' When, in a few hours, the party came out to order their horses, the landlord, judging from appearances, probably, charged half-a-dollar for the crackers, for, of course, they had not meddled with the liquor!"

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC—CIRCULATE THE PETITIONS.

The design of the Convention held last week in Rochester was to bring the subject of Woman's legal and civil disabilities, in a dignified form, before the Legislature of New York.

Convinced, as the friends of the movement are, that in consistency with the principles of republicanism, females equally with males are entitled to freedom, representation and suffrage, and confident as they are that Woman's influence will be found to be as refining and elevating in public as all experience proves it to be in private, they claim that one-half of the people and citizens of New York should no longer be governed by the other half, without consent asked and given.

Encouraged by reforms already made in the barbarous usages of common law, by the statutes of New York, the advocates of Woman's just and equal rights demand that this work of reform be carried on until every vestige of partiality is removed. It is proposed, in a carefully prepared address, to specify the remaining legal disabilities from which the women of this State suffer; and a hearing is asked before a joint committee of both houses, especially empowered to revise and amend the statutes.

Now, is this movement right in principle? Is it wise in policy?

Should the females of New York be placed on a level of equality with males before the law? If so, let us petition for impartial justice to women.

In order to ensure this equal justice should the females of New York, like the males, have a voice in appointing the law-makers and law-administrators? If so, let us petition for Woman's right to suffrage.

Finally, what candid man will be opposed to a reference of the whole subject to the representatives of New York, whom the men of New York themselves elected. Let us, then, petition, for a hearing before the Legislature.

A word more as to the petitions given below. They are two in number; one for the just and equal rights of women; one for woman's right to suffrage. It is designed that they should be signed by men and women of lawful age, that is of twenty-one years and upwards. The following directions are suggested:

1. Let persons, ready and willing, sign each of the petitions; but let not those who desire to secure woman's just and equal rights hesitate to sign that petition because they have doubts as to the right or expediency of women's voting. The petitions will be kept separate, and offered separately. All fair-minded persons of either sex ought to sign the first petition. We trust that many thousands are prepared to sign the second also.
2. In obtaining signatures, let men sign in one column, and women in another parallel column.
3. Let the name of the town and county, together with the number of signatures, be distinctly entered on the petitions before they are returned.
4. Let every person, man or woman, interested in this movement, instantly and energetically circulate the petitions in their respective neighbourhoods. We must send in the name of every person in the State—who desires full justice to woman—so far as as it is possible. Up, then, friends, and be doing, to-day.
5. Let no person sign either petition but once. As many persons will circulate petitions in the same town and county it is important to guard against this possible abuse.
6. Finally, let every petition be returned to Rochester, directed to the Secretary of the Convention, Susan B. Anthony, on the first of February, without fail.

In behalf of the Business Committee.

Wm. H. Channing.

Rochester, Dec. 8, 1853.

Petition for the Just and Equal Rights of Women.

The Legislature of the State of New York, have, by the Acts of 1848 and 1849, testified the purpose of the People of this State to place Married Women on an equality with Married Men in regard to the holding, conveying, and devising of real and personal property.

We, therefore, the undersigned petitioners, inhabitants of the State of New York, male and female, having attained to the age of legal majority, believing that Women, alike married and single, do still suffer under many and grievious disabilities, do earnestly request the Senate and Assembly of the State of New York to appoint a Joint Committee of both houses, to revise the Statutes of New York, and to propose such amendments as will fully establish the legal equality of Women with Men; and do hereby ask a hearing before such Committee by our accredited Representatives.

Petition for Woman's Right to Suffrage.

Whereas, according to the Declaration of our National Independence, Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, we earnestly request the Legislature of New York to propose to the people of the State such amendments of the Constitution of the State as will secure to Females an equal right to the Elective Franchise with Males; and we do hereby request a hearing before the Legislature by our accredited representatives.

Miscellaneous Department.

UNSPOTTED SNOW.

Typhoons, hurricanes, and tropical heats, Inner Africa, Central America, China, Japan, and all such topics interest us; but there are no tales of risk and enterprise in which we English, men, women, and children, old and young, rich and poor, became interested so completely, as in the tales that come from the North Pole. We would rather hear of travellers among the snow flakes and ice floes than among cypress and myrtle; and we have good reasons for our preference. Snow and ice are emblems of the deeds done in their clime. For three hundred years the Arctic seas have now been visited by European sailor; their natives supply some of the finest modern instances of human energy and daring, bent on a noble undertaking, and associated constantly with kindness, generosity, and simple piety. The history of Arctic enterprise is stainless as the Arctic snows, clean to the core as an ice mountain.

There is no other solid piece of human history so free from blot as this long and continuous narrative; this famous tale of Arctic navigation. It was first stimulated by a love of lucre; there was faith in Polar gold, and in a Polar passage to Cathay. But the men who were sent out to serve desires comparatively mean (not mean in themselves, for commerce is a mighty teacher, in whose school it is ordained that we shall have our faculties matured), the men sent out for love of gain—when they came among those seas and heard the crashing of the ice, and saw the icy mountains piled upon each other, and were brooded over by the Arctic night, and were amazed at wonders in the heavens, the mock suns and the flashings of aurora; they—impressed with a new sense of human weakness, floating as they were on shells (small vessels of a hundred or two hundred tons) away from home and from all neighbourhood with other men—poured out their kindliness on one another, aiding each other in endurance of all hardship, and in patient manful effort to surmount all difficulty. They too, admonished by the works and wonders which they saw, remembered Who watched over them in their distresses. Afterwards, when the dreams of gold and of a short way to the East had been dispelled, the enterprise of Arctic navigators was continued and directed by a higher motive; a desire to increase human knowledge, to help forward our race by heightening and widening our sense of the Divine wisdom. Lastly, there has been added to this, a strong motive of human sympathy; and the energies of many countries (quarrelling among themselves on other soil) have been devoted heartily and simultaneously to the peril of penetrating unexplored parts, and of searching all the most inaccessible regions of the Pole, for the survivors, or at least the traces, of an expedition that has disappeared among its snows. Thus men who are elsewhere enemies and rivals hold Arctic ground—which has been consecrated by three centuries of heroism—to be sacred to the noblest spirit of humanity. Once, long ago, an Italian or a Spaniard did indeed pollute all the associations proper to the place, with a design of capturing the Esquimaux for slavery; and there has been mutiny as far north as Davis Straits—never further to the north we think—and even that mutiny resulted in an act of heroism.

While, everywhere else, intercourse with ships has demoralized, more or less, untutored tribes dwelling on sea coasts, the Esquimaux that see only our northern navigators have learned no new crimes. They are a quiet amiable race; on amiable terms with visitors whose manners are invariably kind. When they see many new and attractive things lying about strange boats that come on rare occasions, they are not strong enough to resist always the desire to possess some of them; but a good-humoured watch is kept upon their fingers, their attempts at theft are frustrated in a pleasant way, but not resented. The only blood shed by our Europeans at the Pole has been the blood of animals, honestly killed to supply a real and pressing want of fresh provisions. Men from among us who have died there, have all died in the performance of an arduous duty, have died a death of heroes; upon which the mind dwells with a more tranquil satisfaction than upon the death met by a lower class of heroes on the batle field. They have left their memories to be preserved in records that will stir men's hearts in generation after generation, and from which the humblest sailor's name will never be expunged.

Yet although we bear in mind the mournful tale of Willoughby and his companions, or credit our worst fears as to the fate of our own companions and friends who disappeared with Franklin, there have not fallen in the fight for knowledge at the Pole during three centuries as many men as are shot down in the first five minutes of some famous battle; the whole battle being but a fragment of some war bred of a mean cause, of petty misconstructions, or the bullying perhaps of a big potentate who cannot keep his temper under fit control. Under the heats of Africa, or under the frosts of either Pole, or in encountering for the gain of knowledge any risk of life that can be run between the Poles, it is most probable that, in a thousand years, there have not perished so many investigators of the ways of nature, as there die yearly men, women, and children in one country only, killed by diseases that are bred of ignorance, or of that worst evil, inattention to results of knowledge.

We do not therefore account as rashness the firm resolution of the northern navigator which enables him to struggle forward through all perils and to die, if he must, in the execution of his duty. Even in those seas, the boldness that takes active mariners into the way of peril, teaches them how to escape from dangers that would overwhelm a crowd. More lives are saved than lost by exercise of proper courage.

From first to last the Arctic search has been a work of dauntless perseverance, to which many nations have contributed men, always resolute but never rash. Drawing back from foolhardiness, they have carried energy and determination away to their utmost limits. For resolution of that kind the poet finds his emblem in the northern ice and snow, when he lauds men

> "In fixed resolves by reason justified,
> That to their object cleaves like sleet,
> Whitening a pine-tree's northern side,
> When fields are naked far and wide,
> And withered leaves, from earth's cold breast,
> Up-caught in whirlwinds nowhere can find rest."

The first party of Europeans who endured an Arctic winter, and whose experiences are recorded, were the Dutchmen who had Barents for their pilot. The last accounts from among the ice are of Englishmen and of a Frenchman, Lieutenant Bellot, who worked with them; a young man of a true Arctic character, full of genius, enterprise and spirit, very brave and very gentle, warmly devoted to the pursuit of science, a man who deemed no fit companion to be to him a foreigner. He perished among the ice and was mourned as a brother by his English comrades. The people at home also, connecting in their hearts the Arctic Regions with those pure and noble thoughts about humanity that are so thoroughly associated with them, talk of Lieutenant Bellot at their firesides; and are desiring to express their sympathy in stone; although stone has ceased for many years to be more durable than words. We add the stone, however, to the words, because we cannot give expression too emphatically to our belief that men of all races are one flesh in the Arctic Seas; nor should we be sorry to suggest by the same act that beyond the Arctic circle they need not be disunited.

In a former volume of this Journal we gave a faint outline of the history of Arctic exploration.* We wish now to illustrate what has been said of the spirit of the Arctic navigators; and, to do that, we will indicate a few characteristic points belonging to the first and the last published accounts of Arctic wintering.

The first was the story of a voyage by the north-west in search of a passage to Cathay; during which the Dutchman Barents and his associates, two hundred and fifty-seven years ago, wintered upon the northern shores of Nova Zembla. The last is the account of the voyages of the British sailor, Commander M'Clure and his men, in search of Sir John Franklin, narrated in despatches recently made public; a voyage which has resulted in the discovery of the long-sought north-west passage. Barents and his party were obliged finally to escape from their winter quarters by abandoning their vessel; and, in the case of Captain M'Clure, also, it is extremely doubtful whether he and his ship will not finally be left where we last heard of them, hopeless frozen in. The account of the dutch voyage was published at the time by one of the men engaged in it, Gerrit de Veer, and was shortly afterwards translated into English. It has been re-published lately with the other voyages of Barents; and forms one of the most agreeable of the volumes issued by the Hakluyt Society. The account of the English voyage has lately occupied our newspapers.

The Dutch account was illustrated with pictures not quite so highly finished as those brought home by explorers of the present day. The first picture that relates to their wintering voyage characterises, in one respect, the feelings of the Dutchmen very well; there is character even in its title: A wonder in the Heavens, and how we caught a bear. The wonder is a vision of three suns; each represented with a face and surrounded with the usual appearances attendant upon a parhelion. The Dutchman, however, in two boats are attending chiefly to the bear, not only a wonder but a danger in their eyes; a former picture having shown how, as stated in their own label, "A frightful, cruel, big bear tare in pieces two of our companions." On the fith of June the Dutchman saw the first ice floating towards them, which they wondered at, "at the first thinking that it had been white swannes, for," says the teller of the story, "one of our men walking on deck, on a suddaine began to cry out with a loude voyce, and sayd that hee saws white swans: which wee that were below hearing presently came up, and perceiving that it was ice that came driving from the great heape, showing like swannes, it being then about evening." After further voyaging through perils and adventures, Gerrit de Veer tells us: "We at last sawe that we could not get out of the ice, but rather became faster, and could not loose our ship as at other times we had done, as also that it began to be winter; we tooke counsell together what we were best to doe according to the time, that we might winter there and attend such adventure as God would send us; and, after we had debated upon the matter, to keepe and defend ourselves both from the cold and the wild beasts, we determined to build a house upon the land, to keep us therein as well as we could, and so to commit ourselves unto the tuition of God. And to that end we went further into the land, to find out the convenientest place, in our opinions to raise our house upon, and yet we had not much stuffe to make it withall, in regard that there grew no trees nor any other thing in that country convenient to build it withall. But we leaving no occasion unsought"—among the good thoughts pertaining to the Arctic regions we should have said that it is a place in which no idleness is known—"we leaving no occasion unsought, as our men went abroad to view the country and to see what good fortune might happen unto us, at last we found an unexpected comfort in our need, which was that we found certaine trees, roots and all (as our three companions had said before), which had bin driven upon the shoare, either from Tartaria, Muscovia, or elsewhere, for there was none growing upon that land, wherewith (as if God had purposely sent them unto us) we were much comforted, being in good hope that God would show us some further favour; for that wood served us not only to build our house, but also to burne and serve us all the winter long; otherwise without a doubt we had died there miserably with extreme cold."

The simple piety of speech, the quiet submission to a great and unexpected hardship noticeable in this passage runs through the whole Dutch narrative and through the whole Arctic literature. It is as evident now, in the straightforward despatches of Captain M'Clure written the other day, as it was in the Dutch seaman's narrative written two hundred and fifty years ago. It does not court attention: it is never obtrusive, because it is always true.

"It grieved us much," said the Dutchmen, "to lye there all that cold winter, which we knew would fall out to be extreame bitter; but, being bereaved of all hope, we were compelled to make necessitie a vertue, and with patience to attend what issue God would send us. The 26th of September we had a west wind and an open sea, but our ship lay fast, wherewith we were not a little greaved; but it was God's will, which we most patiently bare, and we began to make up our house." It became presently so cold that if in building that same house (the carpenter was dead) one of them put a nail into his mouth, it froze upon his lips and brought away with it the skin and blood. The ship had been lifted by the pressure of the ice above the sea level, and rested on the top of a huge grounded ice hill. Again and again the sea became open all about it; but the Dutchmen's ship was not to be got off. Working between the house and ship and in great dread of bears, that were numerous and bold, the ice-bound men bore their lot without repining. Winter set in. "The 8th of October. All the night before it blew so hard and the same day also, and snowed so fast that we should have smothered if we had gone out into the aire; and, to speake truth, it had not been possible for any man to have gone one ship's length, though his life had laine thereon; for it was not possible for us to go out of the house or ship." The men in the ship (where they had few clothes) it should be said lay under hatches, and the men in the house with outlets closed swallowing the smoke of their wood fires, which "sore tormented" them. They knew not how else to save their lives. Having sea-coal with them they, on one occasion, lighted a huge coal fire in the centre of their closed hut; and, while they enjoyed the warmth, were being gradually suffocated by the products of the combustion. The vapours from the fire had nearly made an end of them; when one tottered across to throw open the door. They dreaded coals for a long time hereafter. Then there was a sick comrade dragged by eight of them from the ship to the house upon a sledge, and deposed upon a bed near the central fire. The others slept on shelves that they had built for themselves round the wall. They had also a Dutch clock as well as a great sand glass, running twelve hours, and there was a lamp suspended from the roof. Reduction of food soon became inevitable; one article after another falling short. On the 8th of November, it is said, "we shared our bread among us, each man having four pound and ten ounces for his allowance in eight daies; so that then we were eight days eating a barrell of bread, whereas before we ate it up in five or six daies." Four days afterwards, "we began to share our wine, every man had two glasses a day; but commonly our drink was water, which we melt out of the snow." On the 22d of Nov., "we had but seventeen cheeses, whereof one we ate amongst us, and the rest were divided to every man one for his portion, which he might eate when he list." Two days afterward illness becoming more general, four of them went into a bath. "When we came out our barber gave us a purgation, which did us much good." Food failing shorter still, "we made springes to get foxes; for it stood us upon to doe it, because they served us for meat, as if God had sent them purposely for us, for wee had not much meate." The foxes then were eaten thankfully by these good Arctic travellers, and of their skins caps were made "to keepe theme warme from the extreame cold"

On the third of December they lay snowed-in within their hut, suffering sore cold because they dared not make much fire; so great was the torment of the smoke. In a small fire they heated stones to put against their feet; and lay, with the walls of their hut, and even the sides of the cots in which they slept, covered two fingers thick with ice. As they lay thus, they heard upon that day a huge noise made in the sea by the bursting and cracking of great ice hills, fathoms thick. Then followed an easterly wind with "extreame cold, almost not to be indured; whereupon," says the narrator, "we lookt pitifully one upon the other, being in great feare that if the extremity of the cold grew to be more and more we should all die there with cold; for that what fire soever we made would not warm us." Then followed the experiment with sea coals, and days afterwards "although some of us were of opinion that we should lay more coles upon the fire to warme us, and that we should let the chimney stand open, yet we durst not do it, fearing the like danger we had escaped." On the sixteenth of December all the store of wood was burnt; and whatever more they used had to be dug out by the sailors from beneath the snows by which they were surrounded. Then they began to comfort each other with hopes of the returning sun; although, by the twenty-seventh of December, the cold had increased so much that neither fire nor coverings could warm them. They lay with hot stones, not only at their feet, but on their bodies; yet they froze at their backs while their shins were burning; and, as they eat within their hut, "were al as white as the country-men used to be when they come in at the gates of the towne in Holland with their sleads, and have gone all night." One of their constant occupations was to mend the holes each man was perpetually burning in his stockings.

While thus bound to the house, the provisions of these men had to be eked out by still further reduction of allowances; and the wood failing when it was impossible to go abroad for more, they cut up for fire-wood their chopping block, and all the superfluous wood-work they could chip away from the walls and rafters of their dwelling. On the fourth of January, being still locked in by frost, they thrust a pole out at their chimney with a little flag on it, to see which way the wind blew. Their flag froze instantly and became as hard as wood; so that it did not stir with the wind, and they only learnt by it that the cold outside was excessive. But their spirit was not broken. In that house of theirs they kept stout hearts, as is easily seen by passages like the following, which end the record of the fifth of January. "And when we had taken paines al day, we remembered ourselves that it was Twelf Even; and then we prayed our master that we might be merry that night, and said that we were content to spend some of the wine that night which we had spared, and which was our share" (one glass) "every second day, and whereof for certaine daies we had not drunke; and so that night we made merry and drew for king. And therewith we had two pound of meale, whereof we made pancakes with oyle, and every man had a white biscuit which we sopt in the wine. And so supposing that we were in our owne country and amongst our friends, it comforted us well as if we had made a great banket in our owne house. And we also made tickets, and our gunner was king of Nova Zembla, which is at least eight hundred miles long, and lyeth betweene two seas."

Other and greater sufferings were yet to be endured, and were endured without a murmur; great efforts were to be made, and were made. Barents himself did not return home alive; but the survivors of the expedition, in two little open boats built by themselves in the dominions of the gunner, did at last cross the seas that parted them from home—a voyage of almost two thousand English miles.

From the first we turn now to the last winterers at the Pole; men placed in equal peril, having indeed a stronger ship and all the resources of our modern art and science spent on their behalf; but placed in conditions of even more imminent peril, and possessing less reason than the Dutchmen had to hope for escape. We note down first a little picture illustrative of the kind of intercourse that is established between Arctic voyagers and the few natives of those regions with whom they are brought into communication. "Many were dancing with our men; and so mutually happy were all parties, that it was near six o'clock before I could get them to leave the ship; indeed, had not the interpreter told them that we were going towards the pack, and would not again come near their tents, I very much question if we should have got them away without compulsion. We understood from them that the main pack is permanent, never leaving the shore above twelve or fourteen miles. They designate it 'the land of the White Bear,' as it abounds with these animals; which they appeared rather to dread; as, when we stood towards the pack in the forenoon, they entreated not to be left there, for they were fearful of the bears now that so many of their women were with them. One mother mentioned that she had her little child carried away by one of them a short time previous, while playing on the shore a little distance from her. The poor creature shed tears on relating the catastrophe. At parting, several presents were bestowed upon them, which had the effect of eliciting promises of friendship for us or for any of our white brethren who might come on their coast."

Of the great perils encountered by Captain M'Clure's ship the Investigator, before it was locked up for two years in its winter quarters, and of the huge power of the ice, one or two little illustrations must be given. Once, after a large floe had raised the vessel six feet, another floe caught the mass of ice to which it was attached, under an overhanging ledge, and shouldered it up to a height of thirty feet. As it rose above the foreyard, all the men looked up in dread suspense; knowing that, if it should be turned completely over, the whole ship with those on board would instantly be crushed beneath it. "This suspense," says Captain M'Clure, "was but for a few minutes, as the floe rent, carrying away with it a large piece from the foundation of our asylum; when it gave several fearful rolls and resumed its former position; but, no longer capable of resisting the pressure, it was hurried onward with the drifting mass." Again, on the same day, the ship, attached to a large mass of ice, was driving down upon a floe, and grounded in nine fathoms. If she struck such a floe, she would be ground as between millstones between it and her own attendant floe-piece. To turn aside, was to be wrecked upon the beach. The gunner's mate was sent forward to destroy the obstacle by blasting. "He could not, however," writes Captain M'Clure, find a sufficient space of water to sink the charge; but, remarking a large cavity upon the sea face of the floe, he fixed it there, which so far succeeded that it slightly fractured it in three places, which at the moment was scarcely observable from the heavy pressure it was sustaining. Those on board, therefore, did not see that it was broken. By this time the vessel was within a few feet of it, and every one was on deck in anxious suspense, awaiting what was apparently the crisis of our fate. Most fortunately the sternpost took it so fairly that the pressure was fore and aft, bringing the whole strength of the ship to bear. A heavy grind which shook every mast, and caused beams and decks to complain as she trembled to the violence of the shock, plainly indicated that the struggle would be but of short duration. At this moment the stream-cable was carried away, and several anchors drew; thinking that we had now sufficiently risked the vessel, orders were given to let go all the warps, and with that order I had made up my mind that in a few minutes she would be on the beach; but, as it was sloping, conceived she might still prove an asylum for the winter, and possibly be again got afloat; while, should she be crushed between these large grounded pieces, she must inevitably go down in ten fathoms, which would be certain destruction to all; but before the orders could be obeyed, a merciful Providence interposed, causing the ice, which had been previously weakened, to separate into three pieces, and it floated onward with the mass, our stern still slightly jammed against but now protected by it." No wonder that among daily experiences of this character, men have their littleness crushed out of them.

Commander M'Clure and his men found shelter from many perils in a harbour which they called by a good Arctic name, the Bay of Mercy, close by the passage into Barrow's Straits; the existence of which solved the problem of the north-west passage. There, in regions never before visited by civilized man, they were frozen in. They arrived there on the twenty-fourth of September, eighteen hundred and fifty-one. Happily the land about them was remarkably well supplied with game. It seemed to form the retired meeting-place and feeding-ground of many animals.

When summer should have come to set them at liberty, the ice was still firm. About the middle of June, "flocks of wild fowl," says Captain M'Clure, "consisting of swans, geese, and all descriptions of ducks, began to arrive; but, finding no water, merely took a flight round the north-west extreme of the land and returned to the southward, from which it would appear that the season is late; indeed, the land is as much covered with snow as in the depth of winter." So wrote the ice-bound captain while the cold summer passed by them, and the crew were employed daily on the hills gathering sorrel; which they all relished much, and ate with vinegar, as a protection against scurvy.

In the autumn of that year Captain M'Clure, having arranged to send home the weakly by boat in the succeeding spring, prepared for a prolonged detention. Although," he writes, "we had already been twelve months upon two-thirds allowance, it was necessary to make preparations for meeting eighteen months more—a very severe deprivation and constitutional test, but one," says quietly the true Arctic seaman, "which the service we were employed upon called for; the vessel being as sound as the day she entered the ice. It would therefore be discreditable to desert her in eighteen hundred and fifty-three, when a favourable season would run her through the straits and admit of reaching England in safety." No favourable season came. On the anniversary of the ship's entering the Bay of Mercy—which she did with the thermometer at thirty-three and not a particle of ice upon the water—there stood the thermometer at two, and the whole place was frozen up, with every indication of a very severe winter.

The winter proved indeed to be the severest ever encountered by our sailors in the frozen regions. In January the average height of the thermometer was seventy-six degrees below freezing point; and one day it fell to an almost incredible extent—ninety-seven degrees below freezing point; averaging ninety-four on the whole four-and-twenty hours. Nevertheless the crew worked manfully, travelled about on search parties, hunted for game, and remained, on the whole, in remarkably good health. "I can attribute our excellent salutary state," Captain M'Clure wrote, "to the causes previously alluded to in this narrative" (namely, the courage and cheerfulness of the men, the cares of the surgeon, the excellent quality of the stores on board, and the good ventilation of the ship), "in conjunction with a bountiful supply of game which a merciful Providence has aided us with, and has so materially added to our otherwise scanty rations." In other despatches the commander is to be found providing manfully for the chance of his own destruction, and warning other ships who may be sent out to look for him by what signs they are to conclude that he and his companions are lost, and in what directions they are not to imperil other crews in looking for him.

Enough has been quoted to suggest how close is the identity of spirit manifested by each Arctic navigator, from the first down to the last; but, as we parted from the Dutchmen when they were fancying themselves at home again over the Twelfth Night sports, we will part as pleasantly with our countrymen, by help of one more illustrative passage. "The supply of game kept up during the winter," Captain M'Clure wrote in his ice prison after Christmas last, "has enabled a fresh meal to be issued twice weekly, and the usual Christmas festivities to pass off with the greatest cheerfulness. As it was to be our last, the crew were determined to make it memorable, and their exertions were completely successful. Each mess was gaily illuminated and decorated with original paintings by our lower deck artists, exhibiting the ship in her perilous positions during the transit of the Polar Sea, and divers other subjects. But the grand features of the day were the enormous plum-puddings, some weighing twenty-pounds; haunches of venison; hares roasted; and soup made of the same, with ptarmigan and sea-pies. Such dainties in such profusion I should imagine never before graced a ship's lower deck; any stranger to have witnessed this scene could but faintly imagine that he saw a crew which had passed upwards of two years in these dreary regions, and three entirely on their own resources, enjoying such excellent health; so joyful, so happy, indeed such a mirthful assemblage, under any circumstances, would be most gratifying to any officer; but in this lonely situation I could not but feel deeply impressed, as I contemplated the gay and plenteous sight, with the many and great mercies which a kind and beneficent Providence had extended towards us, to whom alone are due the heartfelt praises and thanksgivings of all for the great blessings which we have hitherto experienced in positions the most desolate which can be conceived."

Unfading be the laurels of our northern navigators thus won by exercise of all the finest qualities of manhood! Let us be glad, too, that we have one unspotted place upon this globe of ours; a Pole that, as it fetches truth out of a needle, so surely also gets all that is right-headed and right-hearted from the sailor whom the needle guides.—*Household Words.*

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ISAAC T. HOPPER—A TRUE LIFE

The following well written notice of Mrs. Child's life of Isaac T. Hopper, furnished to us by a correspondent, differs materially from the opinions we have expressed upon the manner in which the biographer has done her work, but it does no more than justice to the bold, benevolent and quaint old man whose life of singular usefulness furnishes the subject:—*Springfield Republican.*

This book is well styled. It is emphatically the exhibition of "a true life." It is the veritable history—the graphic portraiture of a brave, generous, kind-hearted, Christian man—faithful alike to his convictions of duty to God and to the whole human family. The great charm of this biography lies in the simplicity with which the subject of it is introduced to us in all the phases which his life assumed. We forget the author's exquisite English, her faultless style, the nerve and pith which she cannot help infusing into what she says—we forget that we are reading narrative, that another is telling what friend Hopper was; we simply see him as we used to see him—smiling, standing, chatting, stepping briskly along—the kindliest, shrewdest, wittiest, most energetic, most religious, most venerable of philanthropic men. This is the highest praise a book like this can get. The author never remembers herself, even enough to suppress herself. Like a perfect matron, she introduces her guest and friend, remaining herself unintroduced, but cheerfully present to make all comfortable and happy.

The truthfulness of the introduction is a rare beauty. One is nauseated with the eulogies of modern biographers. A boy who never played a practical joke must make a stupid and uninteresting man. He cannot make a hero, of any kind, except a hero for his *valet de chambre.* We want to know something about the madcap pranks of such a man as Isaac T. Hopper was; we want some early blossoms from the tree of his rare genius; some of the evidences that in his soul energy was innate, and not manufactured by discipline. But how often we long in vain for these earlier phenomena of nature—the door of a healthy curiosity slammed to in our faces by a morbid criticism, and the prudish mediocrity of common biographers! Mrs. Child is one of the few who recognize this claim of the world at large upon the celebrated few, and she is not afraid of lowering herself, or her venerable friend, by showing him *en dishabille*, and in the "undeveloped" state."

Every lineament of Isaac T. Hopper's youthful character is prophetic of his wonderful deeds and experiences. It is not slight joy to see that the ministers of mercy are sent down all ready for their work. No one can adequately comprehend the Reformation who has not seen the hard old portrait of Luther's father in the Wartzburg. Every item in the infancy and youth of Hopper is needful to give us perfect assurance that things do not happen in this world by chance, but come by law, and that only by ordering the application of the divine laws we can secure the divine intervention. I asked a friend if he did not feel a despair in going through the streets and looking into the faces of the haggard women and degraded men. "No," he said, "he only felt his unfaithfulness." "I feel my powerlessness," I replied. He said that some did a great deal of good, and so could each and all; he instanced Friend Hopper. "Isaac T. Hopper," said I, "was not an individual. He was the focus and agent of a high social organization; an organization, not formal and mechanical, but spiritual and real. He had the energies, wealth, time, and affections of a thousand men and women at his command. He was one of those rare centres of the divine life in the world, endowed with a mighty pulverizing force; he chrystalized the virtue and power of society around himself. If a man saw a desperate case of oppression, or of degradation, and felt himself powerless to help, he sent for Isaac T. Hopper, and acted through him. He reached out his hands into thousands of pockets, and took what he wanted. His *subpœna* to the scene of woe was obeyed by others with the reverence due to a divine command. Men saw in him one of those visible hands of God, for which we so often pray and wait in vain. He had the knowledge, the cunning, the truthfulness, the diplomacy, the energy, the invention, the utter fearlessness, the inexhaustible love and patience, which they wanted. In him it was theirs by right of community and spiritual association, and they used it. The whole city—mayor, alderman, constables, citizens—used Isaac T. Hopper for benevolent purposes, because he was born and trained up usable, like a river, or a tree, or an iron ore.

No it is no joke for a biography to refuse to tell us *how* such a man was made as to the necessities of the time. And Maria Child has nobly refused to joke with us. She has told us how admirably strong and good his ancestry and parentage was; how strong and good he was begotten, nursed and grown; how fearless he was in sport; how his energy was exercised even in cruelty; how the cruelty was rubbed from it like rust by conscientiousness; how brave, and modest, and true-hearted to his love he was; how his strong soul climbed also towards heaven in the experiences of the still undimmed light of early Quakerism. Thus we are prepared to look for the man, and to comprehend him when he comes, who has to climb the sides of the French ship, and be thrown overboard, and reenter the grog-shop from which he had been just pitched unceremoniously out of the second story window. It is a divine pleasure thus to behold an angel in the very process of growth. The study of no other department of natural history is so good and happy for us.

It has been said that the book had suppressed the religious element. This I have heard with unfeigned amazement. What idea of the religious element could such an objector have? Certainly not a Christian idea of it—the love of God—pity and help to man—dignity—purity—faith and eternal sunshine in the soul. If Isaac T. Hopper was not a religious man, there never walked a man with God on earth. He was a written bible to all who knew him. He had the most absolute faith in God, and Providence, and Christ, and virtue. No man was more regular and happy in his daily and weekly worship. It was a sermon to see his radiant, venerable face, when he worshipped. Full of fun to the very last, he was full of a most holy and most reverent spirit all his days. He did many a cunning thing, but never a mean think that could disturb or debase his prayers. In his war with the selfish and unscrupulous, he picked up the shields with which bad laws and a depraved public opinion filled the streets, but he wielded them so as never to cast a shadow on himself. In his subterfuges and stratagems, we see that he never forgot that God was truth. His replies were wonderfully worded, so as to maintain his uprightness and dignity. No one ever accused him of lying, who did not hate the causes of his benevolence. He was a man of unwavering truth and untiring worship.

I congratulate Christendom on the appearance of this beautiful picture; for all such belong now to Christendom—and feel sure that it will do its work in shaming down the tyranny of the slaveholder, and the selfishness of the merchant, and in encouraging as well as instructing the timid and the weak, to lend more efficient aid to the cause of every benevolence. None can read it without rising up a wiser, better and firmer man. None can read it without hating Slavery more cordially, and making new resolutions to resist and overthrow it. None can read it without a warmer and a more intelligent pity for the drunkard, the prostitute, and the abandoned—without having the hope awakened that he, under God, may also help to save the world, and some poor soul from going to destruction. L.

Capt. Gibson, who has recently returned from the Island of Sumatra, where he has been imprisoned, and suffered other indignities at the hands of the natives, thus described, in a speech before the Geographical Society of this city, last week, a race of beings in that Island:

ORANG KOOBOOS, OR BROWN MEN OF SUMATRA.

These are, probably, of all the races of men of whom we have any knowledge, the lowest in the scale of humanity; or rather, the degradability of our species would seem to have reached that limit in their case which might be regarded as the connecting link between the human and the brute creation. They are covered with hair, have long arms, and are deficient in chin, or rather it forms no part of the face; these were the points in their formation which first arrested my observation, and led me to class them at once, as simply a somewhat higher development of the Orang-outang; but on further observation I found that they possessed speech, though extremely rude and monosyllabic, had visible faculties and resembled the rest of mankind in their sexual formation and arrangement, and were recognised as belonging to the family of man by the Malays, who, however, hunted them as wild animals, in order to work them as beast of burden.

The Orang Kooboos are only to be met with in the almost impassable swamps and forests that lie between the Jambee and Palembang territories, in the Island of Sumatra. They live among the branches of the teak and marringin trees, which grow here to an enormous size, as is, indeed, the case with the forests throughout the Island. They construct a rude platform of bamboos wherever they can find a sufficiency of horizontally extending limbs of a tree to serve as the basis or sleepers of a floor, and over this they raise an equally rude conical roof of split bamboos and cocoa-nut or pisang tree leaves. These savages are ichthyophagiets, as are almost all the uncivilized tribes of the Eastern Islands; and in all the rivers and bays of Sumatra, as also of all the rest of the islands of the Archipelago, a most bountiful provision of excellent fish is to be found. I had an opportunity to have a glimpse of some Kooboos people while ascending with my boat a small branch of the Soonsang, but it was only near Palembang, and at the Kraton or palace of the old Susuhunan, or Sultan of Palembang, and at the residence of the independent Panzorang or Prince, Osmin, that I had an opportunity for an especial observation of these creatures. The Panzorang had several as slaves, or rather as beasts of burden, for they were not intrusted with any labour but the dragging and carrying of loads of dirt, stones or material for building. He called them "tai orang," the ordure of men. He said that they were born as the lowest of slaves, and this had been the case for hundreds of generations, inasmuch as they were the descendants of slaves and burden-carriers of the army of Alexander. I found them generally called "hamba or boodak Iskander"—the slaves of Alexander. It is well known that numberless traditions of Alexander the Great, of "Dou 'l Karnain"—"the two-horned"—prevail throughout Sumatra, as well as in the Asiatic Continent. It has been found impossible to teach the many Kooboos the use of garments, although they have a great fondness for pieces of coloured cloth to be fastened to various parts of their body; they will tie a vest to their heads or round their waiste; or will, as I have seen the men, suspend a coloured cap or a handkerchief, or a glove, to their genitals with a lively grinning and grunting of delight, and seem to make no distinction between a simple piece of cloth for ornament or a manufactured article—the only cause for preference being the difference of colours. It has been found equally impossible to teach them the language of their masters; for those who had grown up in a domestic state still spoke the Malay in an uncouth, monasyllabic manner, like their own jargon of unclassifiable grunts. They seem to have no idea of marriage, but merely cohabiting or pairing off for a season; and the Panzorang assured me that he had never discovered in them any evidence of their belief or consciousness of the existence of a Spiritual Being having any influence upon their own condition; but in regard to this matter, I was informed by a fellow-prisoner at Weltevreden, by one Captain Van Woorden, who had been four years commanding at the small post of Lahat, in the interior of Sumatra, and who had had frequent opportunities to observe the Orang Koohoos, both male and female, sit round a a huluh batang, or species of bamboo, that attains to a great size, and would all in concert, as many as could, strike their heads repeatedly against the trunk of the tree, and utter some rude grunting ejaculations; this he observed took place whenever any one, or all of the band, got hurt or received any special gratification, but mostly when injured. Now, it is well known that a large proportion of the semi-civilized, semi-pagan Sumatrans, believe that in the enormous tufts of the bulah batang, as well as in the waringin tree, there exist widadiri dewas, and rakshashas, or good and evil supernatural beings; and what is remarkable, that throughout Sumatra, all the beings of their pagan mythology are of the feminine gender. I have heard described by their orang menyanyee, or pantun verse singers, some most ravishing pictures of the widadiri or good wood nymphs of the bulah batang. The Orang Koohoos would seem to have some vague idea of their supposed existence. But, notwithstanding the utter degradation of this hairy, brutish man, he seems to be no insignificant contributor to commerce; for as yet, in some of the impassable forests of Sumatra, in the Batang Lekoh, he has been the chief collector of benzoin or gum benjamin. Curious stories were related to me by Arab and Malay traders, in the Jambee Country, about the manner of trading with the Orang Kooboos. The trader would proceed to a certain point, on the edge of a forest, at certain periods of the year, with quantities of coloured cloths, beads and other trifles; he would then beat a gong for some length of time, at various intervals, during one or two days, and then retire to a considerable distance, to return in about a week, when he would find satisfactory quantities of benzoin, in place of his goods, that had been carried off by the Kooboos.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

Jews in Bohemia.—Jews are forbidden to give their children Christian names, or to keep Christian servants.

—— The letter X on brewers' casks is probably thus derived: Simplex=simple x, or X. Duplex=double x, or XX. Triplex=treble x, or XXX.—*Notes and Queries.*

—— The *Nonconformist*, remarking on the proposition for enacting a Maine Liquor Law in Great Britain, thinks it impossible to make a people moral by Act of Parliament.

—— The Press Generally.—The Emperor Nicholas wishes an *erratum* corrected in the next edition of our dictionaries. He begs to say that he has discovered that an Ottoman is not a thing upon which you easily and comfortably place your foot.—*Punch.*

—— Cost of War.—The government of the United Kingdom spent in the last four years of the war with France the following sums: In 1812, £103,421,538; in 1813, £120,952,657; in 1814, £116,843,889; in 1815, £116,491,051. The expenditure during the war, from 1808 to 1815 inclusive, was £1,159,729,256 sterling.

—— A statement has been made, to the effect, that M. Mazzini entered Italy a few months ago, in the petticoats, and "front" of an old woman, the policemen taking off their hats and paying compliments, while a poor English consumptive parson in search of health, was marched off between two Chasseurs, as if he had been a pickpocket!

—— The following *on dit* is in circulation; it certainly savours of the causticity of the ex-Chancellor. Baron Rothschild, it seems, was complaining to Lord Brougham of the hardship of not being allowed to take his seat. "You know (added he) I was the choice of 'the People.'" To which his lordship replied, "so was Barabbas."

—— Methodism and the Church of England.—The [*London*] *Morning Post* commenting upon the decrease of Methodism shows by the minutes of the last Conference, says there is reason to believe that many members of that Society would welcome the adoption of some steps for re-incorporating them bodily into the Church of England.

—— In his recently published letter, Gray mentions an old alderman he knew, who, after living forty years on the fat of the land (not milk and honey, but arrack-punch and venison), and losing his great toe with a mortification, said to the last that he owed it to two grapes which he eat one day after dinner. He felt them lie cold on his stomach the minute they were down.

—— Artificial Production of Fish.—At the "fish manufactory," as it is called at Huningnen—the establishment for producing fish on the artificial system—there are now 200,000 eggs of the Rhine salmon, and of the large trout of the Swiss lakes, duly fecundated; there are 100,000 of the same description of eggs, also fecundated, at the College de France, in Paris. These eggs are destined for distribution amongst the departments in which money has been voted for the application of the artificial system.—*Gallignani.*

—— Alfred Bunn, in his book on Old England and New England, says:

"Booth's Othello was much liked in America. An old Yankee, who had never seen a play, was taken to witness Booth's performance in the Moore; and on being asked, at the termination of the piece, if he liked it, he replied 'Yes, amazingly; but cus me if I don't guess that little nigger (Othello) played as well as any o' the white fellers—if not better!'"

—— National Character.—A German, an Englishman, and a Frenchman each received an order for a drawing of a camel. The Frenchman went immediately to the Jardin des Plantes, and the next day produced a skillfully drawn if not quite perfect sketch of a camel. The Englishman set off on the first steamboat for the African desert, and there observed and sketched the animal, and after a few months made a picture true to the life. Meanwhile the German withdrew into his studio in order to construct the camel out of the depth of his own moral consciousness. According to the latest accounts he is still there.

—— "M. Kossuth's speeches," says the *Athenæum* of last week, "seem to us unique. To say that there is nothing like them in our literature, is little; we know of nothing like them in any literature. They unite two worlds. When they deal with fact, logic, figures—they are as clear, solid, business-like as an exposition by an English Chancellor of the Exchequer should be, or the message of an American President. Where they deal with passion, sentiment, and impulse—they are bold, soaring, and poetical—alive with fancy and sparkling with illustration—like the lyrical effusions of the Eastern lands. This blending of elements constitutes their literary charm—and would give them a place in literature, even were they not the record of a story of absorbing human interest."

—— The language of China is understood throughout the remote regions of the Eastern world, when *written*, just as the Arabic numerals are alike in all the languages of Europe. A man from the province of Fochan would not understand a word of the spoken language of Nankin; a Japanese could not make himself understood to a Chinese; and an inhabitant of Formosa could do nothing with an inhabitant of Siam; but the moment they took pen in hand and wrote the sign which conveyed the idea, then all became perfectly intelligible. Dr. Bowring, the other day, showed some friends a Chinese newspaper, which could be read by 500 millions of human beings, though not more, perhaps, than 40 millions could understand the spoken language of each other.—*London Inquirer.*

—— It is remarked in the current number of the *British and Foreign Medical Review*, that the mode of procuring food has a greater influence over mind, manners, and muscles, than the nature of the food itself. "He that is satisfied with what he can pick up ready-grown degenerates either into a starved New Hollander, where food is deficient, or into an effeminate creature, like the former inhabitant of the West Indies, where it is abundant; he that seeks only the greater amount of nitrogenous matter grows up a mere hunter, and becomes a prowling, cruel, passionate, dirty, yelling American Indian (for the 'noble savage' existed only in Mr. Cooper's fancy); while a civilized people will be found from the earliest times, like the wise son of Sirach's man of a good heart, to 'have a care for their meat and diet.' They will have thought about it, laboured for it steadily, investigated nature and advanced science to improve it, and obtained their reward in the search itself."

—— A Russian Savage.—Menchikoff has invariably refused to sit to any artist. He is about 70 years of age, of middle stature, has close cut milk white hair, a high open forehead, sharply defined features and a bright sparkling eye. His gait is haughty, but slightly limping, from a wound that he received in a singular manner, at the siege of Varna, in 1828. One evening, having given some orders that he wished to see implicitly obeyed, he strolled through the camp; and as he was returning to his quarters he stopped and remained with his legs wide apart while he enjoyed a pinch of snuff. Suddenly the report of a heavy gun was heard, and the Prince fell headlong to the ground. When he was taken up it was found that a cannon ball had passed between his legs and wounded him severely in the thigh. Prince Menchikoff is one of the most extensive landed proprietors in the empire, and counts his serfs by thousands; but unlike the generality of the Russian nobles, he adds daily to his wealth. His economy is without a parallel, and indeed is stated to descend to parsimony of the lowest grade, but, however grinding his extortion in his patrimonial estate, on all state occasions his appearance, carriages, and suite are most magnificent. He possesses a superb mansion at St. Petersburg; his establishment of servants and equipage is on a scale of the most lavish expense, and he is surrounded by numerous aides-de-camp glittering in "barbaric gold and pearls." Another striking peculiarity of this remarkable man is the aversion he entertains for foreigners. Not one—even an ambassador—has ever been permitted to enter his palace. He is both rough and fickle, and when anything offends him becomes absolutely brutal. But while he bends to the imperial yoke from motives of avarice or ambition, he revenges his official servitude by browbeating, threatening, and abusing all who have the misfortune to be connected with him; and as he is a man of considerable talent and indomitable energy, he succeeds most marvellously in his amiable occupation. It is not therefore to be wondered at that he has many enemies. Menchikoff is married to the Princess Dolgorouki, by whom he has a son and a daughter.—*United Service Gazette.*

—— A Letter of Lord Byron.—In the English Vice-Chancellor's Court, *Hobhouse, Bart.* vs. *Bland* came on for hearing. It was a simple administration suit in reference to the estate of the poet, Lord Byron. The only questions discussed were as to the right of certain persons who claimed against the parties entitled to the residue, and chiefly as to interest and costs. The interesting feature in the case was a letter which was in evidence from the poet, Lord Byron, written to Mr. Leigh Hunt, disclaiming a legacy of £2,000, bequeathed to his lordship by Percy Bysshe Shelley. This document has only come to the knowledge of the executors of Lord Byron since the commencement of the proceedings. The letter was dated June 28, 1823. The earlier part of it related to private matters, after alluding to which his lordship proceeds as follow: "I am sure there is no such intention on my part, nor ever was, in anything which passed between us, although there are circumstances so plausible, and scoundrels so ready in every part of the earth to give a colour of their own to everything. The last observation is dictated by what you told me to-day, to my utter astonishment; it will for ever teach me to know my company better, or not at all. And now, do not apply, or misapply, directly or indirectly, to yourself, any of these observations. I knew you long before Mr. S. knew either you or me, and you and two more of his friends are the only ones whom I can at all reflect upon as men whose acquaintance was honourable and agreeable. I have one thing more to state, which is, that from this moment I must decline the office of acting as his executor, in any respect, and also all further connexion with his family, in any of its branches, now or hereafter. There was something about a legacy of £2,000 which he had left me; this, of course, I decline, and the more so that I hear his will is admitted valid; and I state this distinctly, that, in case of anything happening to me, my heirs may be instructed not to claim it.—Your's, ever and truly, "N. B."

—— New Arctic Expedition.—It was unanimously agreed at the meeting of the members of the Geographical Society that the chairman Sir Roderick Murchison, should solicit the Admiralty to send out another expedition to the Arctic regions, in the summer of 1854. None of the solicitations of the Society have hitherto been made in vain. It is not intended at present to send out any more expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin and his missing companions in a north-west direction, although further supplies will, if found requisite, be sent to Beechey Island for Sir Edward Belcher's expedition. The new Arctic expedition is intended to proceed in quite a contrary direction to any of those previously sent out from this country in search of Sir John Franklin and the officers and crews of the Erebus and Terror discovery ships, now upwards of eight years absent from England. The Phœnix screw steam-sloop will be again commissioned by Captain Edward Inglsfield, F.R.S., who was presented with a gold medal by the Geographical Society at the last meeting, and he will proceed to the Arctic regions in her, and endeavour to make a passage into the Polar Sea, to the north-east of Spitzbergen. In addition to the English bottles found some time ago on the coast of Siberia, and forwarded to England by the Russian Government, intelligence has been received that several deer had been found at Spitzbergen with their ears cut—a proof that they had been in the hands of persons who had adopted that English mode of marking them. The Admiralty have liberally granted £50 to each of the gun room officers, and £35 to each of the other officers of the Phœnix screw steam sloop, as compensation for the expenses they incurred in providing for their mess for a longer period than their recent four months' voyage would have warranted for so short a period, and as they had prepared their stocks to last for the Winter, had they been frozen up during their progress.

The Admiralty also appear desirous of securing the services of several of the officers who served in the last voyage made by the Phœnix, Mr. Staunton, recently master of that vessel, having been appointed to the Dauntless, at Portsmouth, as that frigate is to be kept for service at a home port. Mr. Richards, recently serving as clerk in the Phœnix, is appointed to the Edinburg gunnery ship, at Devonport; and both these officers are desirous of again serving in any Arctic Expedition that may be fitted out under the command of Captain Inglefield. Mr. Staunton, although appointed to the Dauntless, has obtained permission to remain at Woolwich for some time to completely work out the observations he was engaged upon—first at Greenhithe and afterwards at the Arctic regions, and now in the Observatory of the Compass Department at Woolwich